JULY, 1928

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778.

London
The Methodist Publishing House
J. Alfred Sharp

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

Board of Management for Wesleyan Secondary Schools.

The Wesleyan Conference has under its control FOUR PUBLIC BOARDING SCHOOLS for the sons of Methodists and others.

SITUATED IN CONVENIENT CENTRES. INCLUSIVE FEES VARY FROM 60 GUINEAS TO £75 PER ANNUM.

All profits are devoted to improvements. All parents desiring a sound education for their boys are urged, before coming to a decision, to obtain illustrated Prospectuses from the Head Masters.

East Anglian School, Bury St. Edmunds.
JOHN W. SKINNER, M.A. (Lond.)

Kent College, Canterbury.
ALFRED BROWNSCOMBE, M.A. (Cantab.)

Truro College, Cornwall.
EGBERT H. MAGSON, M.A., (Lond.), B.Sc. (Bir.)
Special arrangements for Boys from Abroad.

Woodhouse Grove, Apperley Bridge, Bradford.
CLIFFORD W. TOWLSON, M.A. (Oxon.)

A Wesleyan Boarding School for Girls: WEST CORNWALL COLLEGE, Penzance.
Lady Principal: Miss HANNA, B.A. (Apply to the Lady Principal.)

Prospectuses may also be obtained of the Secretary, Board of Management for Wesleyan Secondary Schools (Central Offices), 130 Horseferry Road, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

92247 V.151:2 July-Dec 1928

At the Conference Bookstall

you will find a full range of new and recent issues, together with advance copies of Autumn publications. There are outstanding books by

F. W. Boreham
Dr. J. H. Ritson
Rev. S. J. Hoban (Australia)
Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead
Revs. G. R. Holt Shafto and A. Gordon James
Dr. E. H. Sugden (Australia)
Dr. A. W. Harrison
Rev. G. B. Robson
Rev. E. G. Loosley, B.D.
Rev. R. Winboult Harding, B.D.
Rev. J. E. Rattenbury

Please inspect new issues at your leisure

EPWORTH PRESS :: J. ALFRED SHARP

A Novel with a purpose.

BLACK DIAMOND:

A Romance of South Africa.

By A. J. JOHNSON. Crown 8vo. Cloth, with jacket in colour. 5s. net. (Post 4d.).

This novel may be considered a book with a purpose, in so far as it deals with the 'colour' question in South Africa. The book is also timely in view of the important native legislation which is shortly to come before the South African Government. In addition the author very skilfully depicts the free and vigorous life in the gold fields and weaves round his hero a romantic story with, of course, a well-sustained love interest.

Of all Booksellers. *Buy locally and save postage.*

LONDON: THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. Alfred Sharp), 25-35 CITY ROAD, E.C.1.

City Agent, R. J. JAMES, 10-12 Ivy Lane, E.C.4.

New 'Epworth' Books.

A Temple of Topaz:
Texts that Made History.

By F. W. BOREHAM. Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt. 6s. net (Post 4d.).

Mr. Boreham's studies are marked by wide reading, wealth of illustration, and keen insight. This, the concluding volume of the "text" series, contains the favourite texts of many illustrious men.

Christianity and the League of Nations.

By A. W. HARRISON, M.C., D.Sc., D.D. Cloth. 3s. 6d. net (Post 4d.) also paper cover, 2s. 6d. net (Post 3d.).

This book, which is intended primarily for use in study circles, shows what the League of Nations is and explains its problems and its great possibilities. It also shows why the League not only needs but should have the whole-hearted backing of every Christian man and woman.

The Redemption of Human Life.

By G. B. ROBSON, Cloth, gilt, 3/6 net. (Post 4d.)

This book is based on the belief that the quickening element in Christianity, and the one most needed to-day, is its power to lay hold of the challenging facts, experiences and relations of human life, and give them spiritual value—in a word, its power to redeem, as Jesus redeemed everything He touched.

Moses and Jesus:
A Working Basis for Sociology.

By G. R. HOLT SHAFTO and A. GORDON JAMES. Crown 8vo, cloth back, fancy sides. 3/6 net. (Post 4d.)

The Ten Commandments are here explained in the light of the New Testament. The authors emphasize that Religion and Sociology cannot be divided and discuss the social implications of the Decalogue with clearness and in their modern application. A series of questions for Study Circle use are appended to each chapter.

The Garden of God, and other Nature Fancies.

By COULSON KERNAHAN. Cloth, coloured wrapper. 2/6 net. (Post 3d.)

'Displays those qualities of poetic insight, ardent love of nature, and depths of feeling, which the public learned to appreciate years ago in Mr. Kernahan's work. "How the Blackbird came by his golden bill" is perfect in its daintiness."—*British Weekly*

Our Father and His Family.

By J. E. RATTENBURY. Foolscap 8vo. Paper cover. 1/- net. (Post 1½d.).

A Devotional and Social Study of the Lord's Prayer.

THE EPWORTH PRESS,
(J. ALFRED SHARP),
25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

John Bunyan:
HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

THE REV. R. WINBOULT HARDING has written this book on Bunyan's Life and Times in view of the Tercentenary of the Bedford Tinker's birth, and there is nothing better obtainable. It describes his early days at Elstow, his two and a half years in the army, and the way in which 'Grace Abounding' found him after days of bitter penitence. His autobiography is chiefly concerned with an inward struggle which lasted for four years. The things which troubled him were not outward sins. They were fears and doubts. Esau's example was a constant menace to the Bedford penitent; the figure of the Cities of Refuge a continual comfort. Deliverance came under the ministry of John Gifford, and he was soon a village preacher. It is a story which never loses its appeal, and Mr. Harding follows him to the prison in which he spent twelve years, and where *Grace Abounding* was written. On his release he became pastor to the Bedford meeting-house, and was known as 'Bishop Bunyan' through a wide circle of towns and villages. When he was sent to the prison on the bridge-head he wrote the first part of *Pilgrim's Progress,* and followed it on his release by the second part, *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman, The Holy War,* and *The Jerusalem Sinner Saved.* He died at Snow Hill on August 31, 1688, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. Mr. Harding has chapters on *Pilgrim's Progress* as a Map of the Road, as Literature, as a work of Art, and closes with the Man himself. Courage was one of his favourite virtues. His blood was up when he described the fight between Greatheart and Giant Maul, but he knows how to admire the dogged persistence of Christian as he climbs the Hill Difficulty and no one is more touchingly described than Mr. Fearing. Our Puritan loved music, and sets the bells ringing again and again. He delights in children, rejoices to hear the birds singing, and basks in sunshine. Mr. Harding certainly makes us love and honour Bunyan more than ever. The book is wonderfully cheap at 2s. 6d. net.

LONDON: THE EPWORTH PRESS

'Pocketable' Nature Books.

This excellent series of nature study books gives, in pocket-size volumes, a great amount of real information in the most attractive way. Each book is by an expert in his special subject, and no one could fail to get knowledge and pleasure from them. Size 6½ x 4¼ in. Cloth. Numerous Illustrations in black and white, and some with Coloured Plates. Attractive Covers in colours. 1s. 6d. net each.

British Wild Fruits and Berries	Richard Moore, F.L.S.
Birds' Eggs and Nests	S. N. Sedgwick, M.A.
Wild Flowers	Hilderic Friend
Butterflies	S. N. Sedgwick, M.A.
Common British Birds	R. H. W. Hodges
Woodland Trees	J. H. Crabtree.
British Ferns	J. H. Crabtree.
Grasses and Rushes	J. H. Crabtree.
Fresh Water Fishes	S. C. Johnson, M.A., D.Sc., and W. B. Johnson, F.Z.S.
Rocks and Fossils	J. H. Crabtree.
Sea and Shore Birds	R. H. W. Hodges
British Mosses	J. H. Crabtree.

And many other Titles. **Buy from Local Booksellers and save Postage.**

Published by

THE EPWORTH PRESS

(J. ALFRED SHARP),

25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

Protestantism Justified

Christian Truth *versus*
Romish & 'Anglo-Catholic' Error.

BY

FRANK BALLARD, D.D., M.A., B.Sc., &c.

96 pp. Paper cover, 1s. net (Post 1½d.).

'This is a plain and fair statement of the Protestant faith, and in these days when that faith is assailed from within, such a presentation of the truth is of inestimable value. Dr. Ballard is well equipped for his task. Few men to-day are so widely read; few men have such skill in taking the arguments of their opponents to pieces. Of course, Romanists will not like this book, as they do not like Dr. Ballard; he has so often protested against their monopoly of the word "Catholic." As he rightly says, the word means universal, and yet is monopolized by the community which is least Catholic of all. Those who desire a clear statement of Protestant principles and a convincing refutation of Roman error, will find this little book much more useful than its size would appear to suggest. It is packed with convincing argument.'

—Nottingham Journal.

Seventh Edition now selling.

LAX of POPLAR

A Story of a Wonderful Quarter of a Century.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

256 pp., cloth, illustrated, **3/6** net. (Post 4d.) Paper **2/6** net. (Post 3d.)

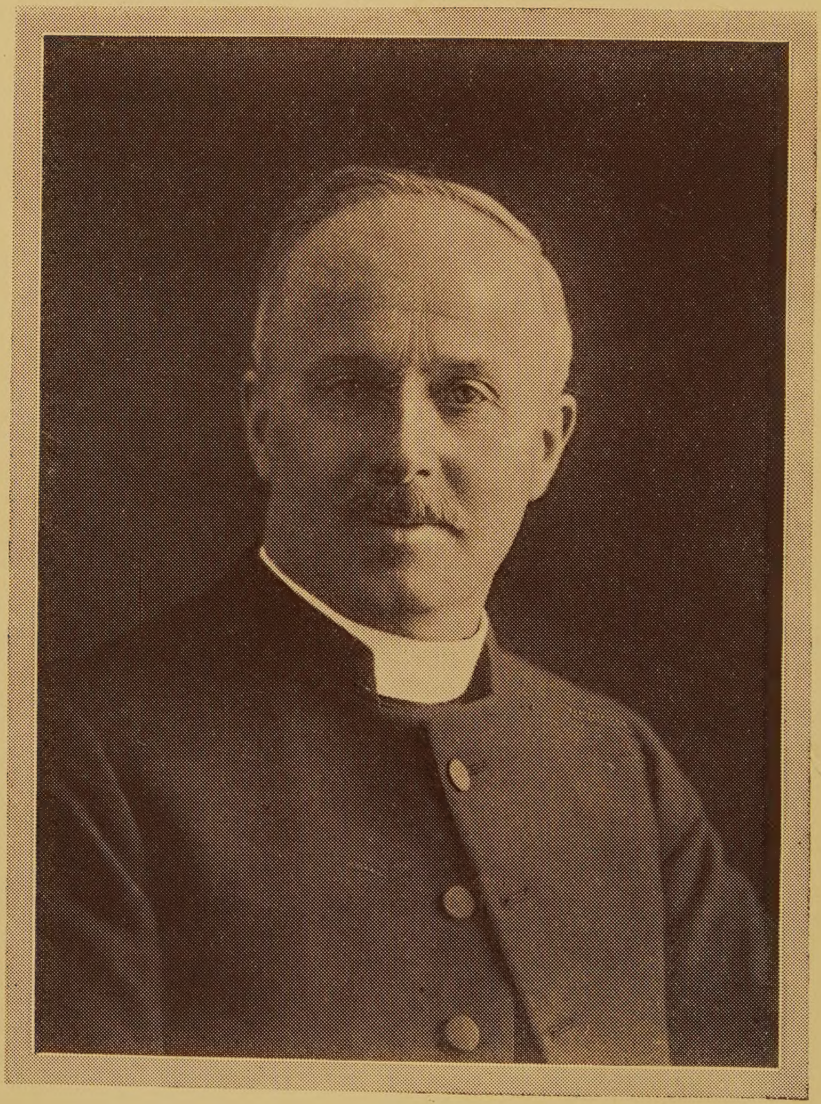
Rev. C. Ensor Walters in Foreword says:

'An exceptional man—a man with a real touch of genius—a man you could not describe as "Mr." or "Reverend." He has proved himself to be a valiant and brilliant leader; a right noble gentleman and gallant knight battling for the Lord.'

'A thrilling record. It is full of humour and laughter as well as tears. The King, the Prince, criminals and charwomen jostle one another in its pages. There is also here a picture of Poplar which helps the reader to understand something of the rise and peril of Communism even in England.'

—Methodist Times.

THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. Alfred Sharp), 25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.



THE LATE REV. THOMAS KIRKUP.

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 151 July, 1928

Our July Number

By THE EDITOR

Thomas Kirkup.

FEW Methodist ministers have been borne to the Church Triumphant with such a gale of praise and tears from the Church Militant as Thomas Kirkup. He was a noble product of village Methodism. Mr. Lawson, of Birtley, to whom we owe these facts, tells us that for three generations his forefathers were associated with Urpeth, a hamlet three miles from Chester-le-Street. His great grandfather had an honourable part in the beginnings of Methodism in the district. His son, the second Philip, was a class-leader and local preacher; the third Philip was class-leader and circuit steward. His widow is still living at the age of ninety-six. Her seven stalwart sons and her daughter made a notable group in the old chapel at Perkinsville. Thomas Kirkup was born at Sedge Flatts Farm, and had his business training in a coal merchant's office in Newcastle.

The Great Decision.

He made his decision for Christ in his village chapel when he was eighteen under an earnest appeal by Robert Browell, who subsequently did such fruitful work in our ministry. The young convert overflowed with zeal, and his Sunday school teacher, Mr. Thomas Pearl, remembers how they went together into the street to invite people to the service. Thomas Kirkup became the leading spirit in the Mission Band and did splendid service all over the circuit. Gateshead, where he spent the week, sent him forward to the ministry for which he was trained at Didsbury. There his gifts were manifest. Dr. Workman told him that he had a great administrative future before him. That became clear to the Connexion when he served as Financial Secretary at Liverpool and Bristol.

Home Missions.

In 1910 he reached the office for which he seemed to have been born. As colleague to Dr. Henry J. Pope he came into touch with the Home Mission life of Methodism, and three years later he shared with the Rev. F. L. Wiseman the growing opportunities of that department. No financial strain dulled his zeal as an

evangelist, and wherever he went he inspired ministers and lay workers with new hope and courage. He knew them intimately; knew their special gifts, knew their families, knew their circuit burdens and possibilities. Everywhere he moved among them as a brother whom they trusted and were eager to follow. In the troubled years that followed the War his work as Secretary of the Sustentation Fund brought comfort to many a preacher's home and lifted loads of care from burdened shoulders. The sympathy and discretion with which he discharged his onerous and difficult work endeared him to the whole Connexion.

Secretary of the Conference.

In 1922 he became Secretary of the Conference and filled that great office in a way that gradually won him recognition as one of the most distinguished occupants of that exacting position. His temper was never ruffled, his judgement was never at fault; he kept his eye fixed on the main issues and never allowed the strain of business to damp his devotion to the spiritual ends for which Methodism exists. The day was approaching when he would pass on to the Chair of the Conference. That crown was not to be set on his noble ministry. His last holiday was spent in tracing our Lord's footsteps in the Holy Land, and he listened with a thrill of adoring love to the strains of 'There is a green hill far away' as they floated down from Gethsemane. He came back girded as his brethren thought, for a new service, but only a few days passed before May 3, 1928, found the faithful servant greeted with the great 'Well done.' With all the memories of the earthly life of Jesus fresh within his heart, he stepped into his Master's presence. He is greatly missed and not least in his home at Ealing, but his wife and children have been sustained and comforted by a multitude of prayers, and by delightful remembrance of a life hid with Christ yet alive to all the joys and sorrows of the world.

John Elsworth.

Another loss comes home to the writer, who knew John Elsworth at Westminster College. He was not only an excellent preacher, but a master of Methodist polity, who rendered conspicuous service to the Connexion by his recent editing of the *Ministers' and Laymen's Handbook*. He served with marked efficiency as Assistant Secretary of the Conference; above all he adorned the Christian character by his loving spirit.

John Telford

Liverpool—
Yesterday and To-day

By J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER

I.

TO those who know the city and its people, Liverpool possesses a charm that is all its own. True it cannot boast a history running back into the dim ages of the pre-Roman occupation of the land; compared with Chester, Winchester, or York, the city on the banks of the Mersey is of recent birth. To-day it is, after London, our greatest seaport, and its population ranks it one of the largest cities of the land. Over thirty per cent. of our exports pass through its docks and over twenty per cent. of our imports. This in itself is eloquent of the Liverpool of to-day.

The Origin of its Name.

The very name furnishes a topic for perennial discussion among antiquarians. The ' pool ' presents no difficulty. It was a tidal inlet that followed the line of the present Paradise Street, Whitechapel, and the Haymarket, and was flanked on the northern shore by the Castle which stood on the site now occupied by the unlovely monument to Queen Victoria. Excavations carried on during the autumn of last year unearthed part of the substructure of this fortress, which dated from the year 1231. It is around the first part of the city's name that discussion rages. Are we to accept the theory of the mythical bird that in sculptured stone crowns the ' Liver ' building and greatly impresses the voyager, taking his first glimpse of the city as his boat draws near to the landing stage? or must we accept the more prosaic explanation that traces the word back to a local name for the eagle or cormorant? The former is the more romantic; the latter the more probable. There are, however, still two other possibilities, for some say that ' Liver ' is simply a corruption of ' Lower ' and that it distinguished the ' pool ' from some other more inland; others assert that ' Liver ' was the name of a weed that grew in profusion on the banks of the ' pool.' Who shall decide?

A Charter from King John.

The town received its first charter—or letters patent—from King John in the year 1207. This, when taken in conjunction

with the building of the Castle a few years later, seems to suggest that the authorities of that day recognized the possibility of the Mersey being of service as a haven for the ships that bore troops for the conquest of Ireland. How slow was the growth of the place is seen by the fact that early in the seventeenth century the population only numbered 3,000, and it was not until the closing years of the same century that Liverpool became an independent ecclesiastical parish; until then its ' chapel ' had been under the jurisdiction of the parish church of Walton.

About 150 years ago the ' pool ' was closed and the first dock —the George's—was constructed. This was a private venture and cost the daring pioneer £21,000. To-day the Port glories in some ninety docks that stretch from Garston to Seaforth and cover an area of 1,925 acres. The most recently constructed is ' the Gladstone,' which was opened by the King last summer. Its cost is approximately £8,000,000. The giant liners can discharge or load their cargoes there and if needful can effect repairs in the enormous area of its ' dry ' dock.

Links with the Past.

There are two other buildings that link to-day with yesterday. Not far from Prince's Park there stands the ' Ancient Chapel of Toxteth.' We are told that in Cromwell's days ' it was a Dissenting place of Worship.' The building that now is was rebuilt in 1774 and by a series of secessions and changes it merged into the great George Street Chapel, made famous by the long ministry of Dr. Raffles. The other building which can boast some slight antiquity is the Blue Coat School which lies in School Lane behind Church Street. This was erected in 1717 and is regarded as an excellent example of the architecture of that period. Quite recently it was in danger of destruction, but a committee of citizens, who felt that Liverpool had so few buildings that spoke of its past, made so earnest an appeal to the pockets and sentiments of their fellow-citizens that the schools are now the property of the Corporation and will be used for artistic and educational purposes.

City Improvements.

Those who have not visited Liverpool since the last Conference, and who may have the good fortune to be present at the forthcoming one, will find that during the interval the City Fathers have been awake to the necessities of the age. Wide boulevards and broad arterial roads now girt the city or run from strategical points to its more recent bounds. These roads are very wide and planted with trees: the latest have a double carriage way with

tramlines between, enclosed by privet hedges and running on grassy tracks. As fares are low this enables many a worker to leave the crowded parts of the city and breathe the purer air of the garden suburbs that have so changed the outlying parts of the city. It was reported last autumn that fully twenty thousand houses had been built, either by the Corporation or by private enterprise, since the War, and this independently of such ' villas ' as the middle class can afford. True much remains to be done, and Liverpool has still slums of which it is ashamed and with which the Council will deal with all possible speed.

New buildings, either occupied or in process of erection, will arrest attention. In Church Street on the site of the old Pro-Cathedral (St. Peter's Church) there stands the great Woolworth building; in Water Street the magnificent pile that the ' Blue Funnel Line ' (Alfred Holt and Co.) are putting up is half finished, and when complete will be the largest single commercial block in the city. On the river side of the Town Hall a noble block is undergoing demolition; it is to be the site of the new headquarters of Martins Bank. Thus a city changes and keeps step with a progressive age.

Parks and Open Spaces.

There is no other city that can rejoice in such a number of parks and open spaces as can Liverpool. Sefton, Princes, Newsham, Stanley Parks are now of yore. In comparatively recent days the city has secured either by gift or by purchase many more. The Wavertree Playground and Shiels Park are of great value to somewhat congested neighbourhoods, and one who visits them on a fine Saturday or on a public holiday will note that they are appreciated by both old and young. It is, however, on the south-east side of the City that we find a stretch of parks that are practically joined to one another. Harthill, Beechley (once the family home of the Bancrofts—a name well known in Methodism), Calderstones, Allerton House (now the Municipal Golf Links and one of the most beautiful courses in the country), Springfield, Allerton Tower, Allerton Hall, Camp Hill (with its glimpses of the river and the Welsh coast), and Woolton Woods (which during the summer days attract large crowds), all these are an immense boon to the toilers and their children. To the credit of the Parks Committee it should be stated that these wide open spaces are kept in good condition: that the gardens are a joy and this without vexatious restrictions that would mar the enjoyment of the people in what has become their own property.

'The Pride of the City.'

The pride of the city is twofold: the river front with the landing stage, half a mile in length, to which at all states of the tide the largest liners can approach; and the magnificent pile of buildings at the northern end of Lime Street. St. George's Hall is one of the greatest architectural achievements of the last century. Opposite the side of St. George's Hall and running the whole length of William Brown Street are a succession of buildings that would arrest attention anywhere. They are the Sessions House, the Picton Library and Reading Room, the Walker Art Gallery, the Brown Museum, and the Technical School. Both the Museum and the Art Gallery will repay a visit should it be that delegates find time hang heavy on their hands.

The average Liverpudlian is sure to speak about the Cathedral, that is to be a 'thing of beauty and a joy for ever.' Already with the Lady Chapel, the Chapter House, the Choir, and the Eastern Transept it is a stately pile; yet it is but a beginning of a work that only the young among us will see completed. As planned, it will be the third largest cathedral in the world, surpassed only by St. Peter's, Rome, and that of Seville. The part now in building is for the present termed 'The Central Space,' and architects and ecclesiastics are casting about for a happier term. It will be flanked by the Western Transept beyond which will be the Nave and the Narthex. The part that is complete is one third of the entire block, so that the apparent disparity between height and length will no longer be felt. To crown all, there will arise a bold tower over the 'central space' and this will be the first thing to attract the gaze of those who are sailing up the river. Much has been written about this church, but even at the risk of repetition it may be said that its conception is bold, stately, and beautiful. Structure is not made subordinate to ornament, but ornament enhances and relieves the dignity of the structure. Let those who visit remember that the architect had not reached manhood's estate when he had this vision of God's House Beautiful. The organ is said to be the finest in the world. If opportunity occur all lovers of music should attend a rehearsal and listen to its wondrous tones.

The Mersey Tunnel.

There is yet another great undertaking with which Liverpool is busy: that is the tunnel under the Mersey that is to bring the commerce of the South into closer and quicker relationship to that of Lancashire and the North-western counties. It is a

tremendous undertaking and many tides must ebb and flow before it is completed. Still the work is proceeding according to the satisfaction of the engineers and early in April those working from the Birkenhead side were able to shake hands with the Liverpool drillers. It is proposed to construct a new arterial road that will connect the tunnel with the great manufacturing centres of the north and so add to the utility of the new venture.

When Conference meets Liverpool will have for the first time a lady as its Lord Mayor. There is no one who has spent herself more unselfishly for the benefit of working women and their children than has Miss Margaret Beaven, and all parties in the Council have done themselves and her honour in placing her in this distinguished position.

II.

The Methodism of Liverpool

Wesley's Early Visits.

SO far as we can trace it was on April 15, 1755, that John Wesley paid his first visit to our city. The note in his diary is interesting, indeed in the light of to-day it is amusing: 'I went on to Liverpool, one of the neatest and best built towns I have seen in England. I think it is full twice as large as Chester; most of the streets are quite straight. . . . The people in general are the most mild and courteous I ever saw in a seaport town; as appears by their friendly behaviour, not only to the Jews and Papists who live among them, but even to the Methodists (so called).' With an occasional word of censure he seems to have kept this favourable opinion to the end. Two years later, however, he found dissension in the little society, for one, James Scholefield, had caused trouble: 'I rode to Liverpool, where I found about half of those I left in society. James S—d had swept away the rest, in order to which he had told lies innumerable.'

Wesley's Later Opinion.

Again two years pass (May, 1759) and he writes: 'The congregations here were exceeding large, but many of them seemed to be like wild asses' colts.' His next visit found a better state of things: he tells of 'a surprising congregation, all athirst for God,' and is full of joy because of the number who sought sanctification. Visiting the city in 1764 he has another good word for its inhabitants: 'I preached at Liverpool and the

next day, Sunday, July 15, the house was full enough. Many of the rich and fashionable were there, and behaved with decency. Indeed I have always observed more courtesy and humanity at Liverpool than at most seaports in England.'

The First Chapels.

During the life time of our Founder the two first preaching houses were built. Pitt Street (the mother church) in 1754 and Mount Pleasant in 1789. Those responsible for these ventures did not quite please the amiable autocrat. When he examined the new trust deed of Pitt Street he wrote:

(1). It takes up three large skins of parchment, and so could not cost less than six guineas: whereas our own deed, transcribed by a friend, would not have cost six shillings. (2). It is verbose beyond all sense and reason; and withal so ambiguously worded, that one passage only might find matter for a suit of ten or twelve years in Chancery. (3). It everywhere calls the house a meeting-house, a name which I particularly object to. (4). It leaves no power neither to the assistant or me, so much as to displace a steward. (5). Neither I, nor all the conference, have power to send the same preacher two years together. (To crown all)—(6). If a preacher is not appointed at the Conference, the trustees and the congregation are to choose one by most votes! Can you wonder I dislike this deed, which tears the Methodist discipline up by the roots?

It would seem that despite this mild castigation the Methodists of Liverpool went their own sweet way, for in 1789 when the Mount Pleasant Chapel was mooted Mr. Wesley writes again:

You are a bold people! Two hundred pounds purchase money, besides nine hundred pounds! But I do not use to damp any good design. Go on in the name of God. It is true, your deed is clumsy enough. I am surprised that no Methodist will take my advice. I have more experience in these things than any attorney in the land. And have I not the Methodist interest as much at heart? Oh, why will you alter the beautiful deed we have already? Why will you employ any attorney at all? Only to seek a knot in a bulrush: only to puzzle the cause. Well comfort yourself. You will not long be troubled with

Your affectionate brother,
John Wesley.

Neither of these buildings now belong to Methodism. Pitt Street was for years the headquarters of the Liverpool Mission under Rev. Charles Garrett: to-day it is not in existence. Mount Pleasant has given place to the Central Hall (in which the Conference will assemble) and the building itself is a picture house.

The Thirteenth Liverpool Conference.

The forthcoming Conference will be the thirteenth that Liverpool has entertained. Looking back upon the records of the twelve one is impressed with the names of the great men who occupied the Presidential chair. The following are the dates with the names of the Presidents: 1807, John Barber; 1813, Walter Griffith; 1820, Jabez Bunting (this year has since been famous for *The Liverpool Minutes*); 1826, Richard Watson; 1832, Robert Newton; 1839, Theophilus Lessey; 1847, Samuel Jackson; 1857, Francis A. West; 1868, Samuel Romilly Hall; 1881, George Osborn; 1896, Marshall Randles; 1912, F. Luke Wiseman. What a list! Of these but one remains and all Methodism will rejoice that his bow abides in strength. F. L. Wiseman was second to none.

Liverpool Methodism has on its records the names of many ministers who made and have left their mark upon the Church. There are among our laymen those who speak with fond and grateful memory of men who in years past helped them to a living faith and a worthy life: John Walton, Francis J. Sharr, Thomas McCullagh, F. W. Slater, Robert Morton, H. J. Foster, J. W. Crake, Joshua Haigh, Amos Dyson, Owen Watkins, Albert Bishop, W. T. Ratcliffe, are among those who have crossed over. Nor must we forget that our famous scientist, Dr. Dallinger, was in charge of Woolton in its palmier days. Some notables are still with us, such as F. W. Macdonald, J. C. W. Gostick and Walter Hawkins.

Charles Garrett's Influence.

But the one name that stands as *facile primus* in the story of our Church life is that of Charles Garrett. What a giant he was and what a rare influence he exerted, not on Methodism alone, but on all that was finest in the public life of the city. It is well that we should have 'The Charles Garrett Memorial Hall,' but his true memorial consists not in stone but in 'lives made better by his presence.' It would be easy to fill a page with the record of this man's work and influence: his tenderness; his thoughtful encouragement of young beginners in the ministry; his founding of the Liverpool Mission and the way in which his advocacy saved the site of Oldham Street, Manchester and caused our first Central Hall to be built thereon. It is a sober statement if we say that the memory of Charles Garrett is still a benediction to many.

The progress of our Church since the last Conference does not quite equal that of some earlier periods, but it must not be

forgotten that the War with its terrible aftermath has put the brake upon more than one project. One fact must reluctantly be recorded. The beautiful church of St. John's in Belvidere Road has ceased to belong to us. Closed on account of steadily diminishing congregations, it stood for some time unused and was in danger of becoming derelict, for small care was taken to preserve it from the depredations of those naughty boys who will throw stones. Happily a proposal to turn it into a picture palace was rejected and finally it was sold to the Calvinistic Methodists, who have thoroughly restored the building and have gathered a good congregation.

Opening Up New Ground.

Recently there has been manifest a determined effort to occupy new ground and to provide for the new populations that are growing up around the older city boundaries. The Elm Hall Drive church was opened last autumn, completing an imposing block on a strategical site. At Clubmoor a School-Chapel has been erected, and is already too small for the needs of the neighbourhood. It is said that the new population here is not short of 10,000. Fortunately, enough ground was purchased to allow for a larger church when funds are available. There is also a new cause at Fazakerley in the Bootle Circuit. A new church is in process of erection on the Aigburth Boulevard. This will take the place of an iron building standing in Aigburth Vale and it is in a much better position to secure a congregation: the design is attractive and bold. Part of the school premises as at first projected, is held in abeyance on account of cost, but the site is secured, and in time there will be one of the most complete blocks of church property in the city. At Garston we have a church in Banks Road amidst a dense population of the working class. Sunday-school work has for many years been carried on in premises of which it may be said that all honour is due to those who from Sunday to Sunday worked in such a crowded and insanitary building. Now, thanks to the wise leadership of the late superintendent of the circuit (Rev. William Humphrey) there is a large and thoroughly up-to-date building which is a joy alike to the workers and to all the children who attend. In this same circuit (Wesley) the mother church has been remodelled: the ground floor has been turned into school premises and a new floor at the gallery level has provided a fine hall with a seating capacity equal to the needs of the locality.

Crossing the Mersey we find three circuits. Birkenhead and

Wallasey are vigorous, and the work is progressive though no new building schemes are reported. The Rock Ferry circuit has all its energies taxed, for it is engaged in two fresh ventures: a new chapel at Bebington to take the place of one that has long been inadequate, and a new cause at Bromborough. Mr. Speight and his people are to be congratulated on their courage, and deserve to be helped in their venture.

Southport, Blackpool, Lytham.

In the northern part of the District there are circuits that are very much alive. Southport, Blackpool, and Lytham are centres of vigorous life. At Southport, in the Trinity circuit, there has been advance since 1912. The fine church at Liverpool Road has taken the place of what was a small countryside building, and the church at Ainsdale has been enlarged and changed beyond recognition. It is a cause of thankfulness that the suggestion to remove Trinity Hall School into the country so as to provide for a larger number of scholars has yielded to a better plan, and now that Wintersdorf has been secured as a Junior School our ministers' daughters will still form an important part of the Trinity congregation—a congregation which, under the care of Mr. Rattenbury, has considerably increased.

The problem that faces the District is the provision of church and school premises in new neighbourhoods. Whilst this is acute on the Merseyside it is also felt in all the larger towns within the boundaries of the District. An Extension Fund has been started in the hope that by a series of gifts extending over five years some £20,000 may be raised and that help may also be given from the special fund that the Chapel Committee is organizing. Times are scarcely opportune as trade in both cotton and coal is in an unsatisfactory condition, but the proverbial loyalty and generosity of our people will doubtless find a way through.

'Dear Old Brunswick.'

A word or two should be said about those churches which have long borne their witness. Brunswick—'dear old Brunswick' as it is so often called,—once the Conference Chapel, still holds its own, and though now a down-town church, it is by no means deserted. Great Homer Street has had a difficult time because of heavy structural repairs: it is still doing a good work in a very poor district. Grove Street, once the premier church, is still a problem, but Mr. Harry is grappling with it in a determined way. Laurel Road and Whitefield Road can speak

of better days and some of the older folk think wistfully of the good family congregations that used to worship week by week. Even Lodge Lane has to lament depleted audiences. The most prosperous churches to-day are Brook Road, Walton, and Anfield. Of course the Mission with its many stations is 'going strong,' and in this there is cause for thankfulness. There still remains the one great success of our Church life: that is the Linacre Mission. Apart from its Sunday school, which is the largest in Methodism and one of the largest in the kingdom, it is a centre of unceasing activity. Whilst it owes much to the ministers who have had charge, they would 'one and all' say that it is a trophy to the selfless personal labour of Mr. Albert Walker. Working steadily year by year without any blare of trumpets, Mr. Walker has been God's messenger of hope and joy to thousands. Long may he live to continue this good work.

The Extent of the District.

The Liverpool District is of vast extent, stretching from Lancaster to Aberystwyth: it comprises no less than forty circuits being only surpassed by Birmingham with forty-one. It includes many types. Around the city from which it takes its name are residential towns especially on the other shore of the Mersey. It glories in the old cathedral city of Chester and the agricultural centres that surround it; it stretches along the North Wales coast, and includes the well known holiday resorts of Colwyn Bay, Rhyl, and Llandudno. Southport and towns in its northern boundary have been named already, and they form a vital part of the District's activities. It must not be forgotten that some of its most vigorous churches are to be found in the manufacturing and colliery quarters of East Lancashire. Warrington, St. Helens, and Widnes are all alert, and contribute no small a quota to the prosperity of the District as a whole. Liverpool has been fortunate in having a 'Separated Chairman,' and the more remote parts of the District, those which most need encouragement and sympathetic help, gladly acknowledge their debt to Rev. J. T. Gurney, who, for nine years has administered the affairs of this Methodist centre.

Given the revival of trade for which the whole country is looking, let that be accompanied with a renewed consciousness of God and of His relationship to mankind, and the coming years will witness a forward movement in this District equal to any in Methodism.

In our August number we shall give the portraits of the three Conference Treasurers, Messrs. Isaac Mack, J.P., R. H. Posnett, and R. Solomon.

Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

VII. THE INWARD LIGHT

THE most characteristic doctrine of the Quakers is that of the Inward Light. By this they mean a Divine Light resident in the soul, as a source of guidance and illumination, and as a ground of spiritual certitude. St. John speaks of ' the light which lighteth every man.' We are all in a measure conscious of this Light. But the question which troubles us is—How can we be certain that the light which we see is the true light? Does it not often happen that men think they are following the true light, when, in reality, they are following wandering fires? We are beset by all manner of problems of conduct in our everyday life. Sometimes it is not a question of right and wrong which troubles us, but a conflict of goods. Duties which apparently conflict make insistent claims on us, and we know not which to follow. We are anxious to do the right, but we are not clear where the right lies. How are we to distinguish between the Inward Light and a will o' the wisp? What is the use of an inward light if it is fallible, and does not clearly guide every man in the same way? These are very difficult questions, but there are two things which may be said.

(*a*) The nature of our apprehension of the Light depends on the quality of the medium through which it is apprehended. Let us take an illustration from the physical world. You hold up a rose and ask what colour it is. One man says ' red,' but another says ' green.' Each is describing what he sees, but only one is right, the man who says ' red.' The other is suffering from colour-blindness. The light cannot manifest itself perfectly because of a defect in the organ of vision.

And it is so with the apprehension of moral and spiritual light. We have defects of constitution and temperament and character which hinder our apprehension of the Inward Light. For some of these defects we are not responsible. They are inherited. But for other defects and for their continuance, we are responsible. There are such things as spiritual colour-blindness, spiritual astigmatism, and spiritual short-sightedness. Defects of character always limit our power of spiritual understanding. We are often misled by the subtle processes of inclination and self-deception.

(*b*) The revelations of the Inward Light, which appear to us to be contradictory, often supplement each other. The Inward Light may point you one way and me another. But it may be that we are only emphasizing different aspects of the same truth. The seven colours of the rainbow are complementary to one another. They combine to form white light, the clearest, most radiant, most glorious light of all. John tells us that he saw ' a rainbow round about the throne.' When we look for it, one man may apprehend the red light, another the green, another the violet, and so on. But the different revelations do not contradict each other. They complete and perfect one another, and blend harmoniously to form the pure white radiance of truth.

But when all this is admitted, it is still true that large elements of perplexity remain. Can any suggestions be offered for guidance in the interpretation of the Inward Light?

I. *We must compare the dictates of the Inward Light with those of the Word of God in every age.* It is not the Bible or the Church that is our primary authority, but the Word of God in the Bible, and in the Church. The Word of God is greater than the Bible. The Bible is like a window, the panes of which are of varying transparency. Through some pages the Word of God shines with dazzling splendour, through others, with a clear, steady light, through others with a broken radiance, and through others but dimly. We all know what parts of the Bible appeal to what is deepest in us, and find us in our inmost souls.

The unchallenged moral supremacy of Jesus Christ is not mainly due to what the Church has taught about His Person, true as that is, but to the appeal which He makes and the echo that He awakens in every human heart. He finds men because He is the Word of God incarnate, crucified, risen and living again in the world by the mighty energies of His Spirit.

So with the prophets and seers who have arisen since. We listen to them because they were the vehicles of the Word of God to men. We forget our ecclesiastical differences as we listen to those to whom the Word of the Lord came. Thomas à Kempis was a monk, but we Protestants do not think of that when we read the *Imitation of Christ*. John Bunyan was a Baptist, but the world does not care whether he was Baptist or Catholic. It is enough that the Word of the Lord burned as a fire in his bones.

Whatever difficulties there may be in theory, in practice men do not mistake the authentic Word of God. One generation

may kill a prophet, but subsequent generations know him for what he was, and sit humbly and gratefully at his feet.

We must interpret the light which shines within us by the aid of the revelations that were given through these great prophetic souls, and especially through Him who is the Light of the World.

II. *We must compare the Light which shines in ourselves with that which shines in our comrades.* Other men are avenues of light as well as we. We can, therefore, correct and enlarge our vision by hearkening to the word which our comrades give of the things which they have seen. We need to cultivate the spirit of humility, and to be ready to learn of others who are fighting the same battles and are in quest of truth as we are. Sometimes it is given to a man to see further and more clearly than his comrades. If any one should have reason to think that such a vision has come to him, he will, if he is wise and humble, take counsel with others. Then if the Light still beckons him on, let him follow it fearlessly, wherever it leads him, as thousands of known and unknown men and women have followed it to the overthrowing of strongholds and the bringing in of the Kingdom of God. It is the men who follow the Inward Light over mountain and ocean and desert who are the pioneers of human progress.

III. *We must consider the practical effects of following the Inward Light as we see it.* You may think that it is the true Light and not a will o' the wisp that beckons you on. But before you finally decide to follow it, ask yourself what will be the practical effect on your character if you do so. Will such a course of conduct make you a nobler and a better man, a more effective disciple of Jesus Christ? If you apply this test, you will never become a crank for conscience's sake. You may be led to differ from others, but you will never take a path which leads to narrowness of vision and of sympathy, to the bondage of one idea, to censoriousness and uncharity. The true Light mellows, ripens, and beautifies, as does the light of the sun; and if we are following a light which makes our character unlovely and our life ineffective, we may be sure that we are pursuing wandering fires.

We must not merely consider the effect on ourselves, but also the effect produced on the community of which we form a part. Will the course of action which we are about to pursue make for the uplifting of society? These considerations will help to save us from unrestrained individualism and the pursuit of lights that are false. Our Lord said, 'If any man willeth to

do His will he shall know the teaching whether it be of God.' To will to do His will is to determine to do only those things which will ennoble our character and uplift the life of the community. If any man willeth to do His will, he will be able to distinguish between the true light and wandering fires. ' He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'

Love the All Powerful Motive

By J. H. RITSON, M.A., D.D.

Love is the only unchanging and all powerful motive, in no way dependent on time or distance. When I think of Christ's love for me, and know that He loves to the same degree those prisoners in Canton, and beggars in Foochow, the hungry, the blind, the leprous, the poor, the toiling in every land, I am constrained to help them for Christ's sake. How the heart of Christ must reach out to them in sympathy! How He must suffer when we, who are His members on earth, through whom alone He can help them, are indifferent! Can we be regardless of the sufferings of Him we love? Can we ignore those poor dregs of humanity, who are of priceless worth to Him, and in whom are the possibilities of high and holy living if only they may have a kindlier soil, and a more genial atmosphere for spiritual growth?

A Korean was brought into a mission hospital in Korea, with his body covered with ulcerated festering sores. The doctor and nurse cleaned and bound up the wounds, and put on clean clothes, and as the poor man lay on a real bed between white sheets for the first time in his life, the tears ran down his face, and he said to the doctor, ' Is this the heaven the missionaries speak about? ' We can indeed, if we will, turn earth into heaven for our brothers and sisters, and when we do it, and not until, Jesus will see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

Thank God for those in whom we see the constraining love of Christ energizing mightily. There are thousands of men and women choosing to live in the slums of our great cities to give a helping hand to the poor and fallen. There are missionaries of culture and refinement who have turned their backs on the homeland, in order to devote their days and years to the uplift of degraded tribes with whom at first they can have little in common; fathers and mothers, who leave behind their children, God's most precious gift to them, in the sweetest years of life, and try to forget their anguish in labours abundant among peoples at first suspicious, if not resentful and hostile.

A Methodist Shrine

By WILLIAM STEWART, Curator of the Wesley Museum

AMONG the minor and less-known museums in London, the one in Wesley's house in City Road is increasingly popular. Here the great evangelist, who, as Mr. Birrell says, ' canvassed the three kingdoms in the cause of Christ,' lived and died. The L.C.C. recently put a memorial tablet on the front of the house, so that passers-by may be reminded of one who in a true sense was the saviour of his country. The house is a typical eighteenth-century residence with four floors and a basement. There are three rooms on each floor, on a diminishing scale. The first floor accommodates the Museum—Wesley's study, bedroom, and prayer-room.

The study is a spacious apartment, with three windows overlooking Bunhill Fields cemetery, where his mother, the famous Susannah Wesley, is buried, a little to the rear of John Bunyan's grave. The son conducted his mother's funeral service, and afterwards preached to a great assembly in the graveyard. Daniel Defoe, who attended Dr. Annesley's ministry with his parents, rests on the other side of this historic Nonconformist *campo santo*. The view from the study windows is the same to-day as in Wesley's time, with one exception. Instead of City Road, with its incessant traffic and noise, there was a quiet country lane called Royal Row.

Among the treasures of the Museum are Wesley's preaching gown, and his riding slippers, minus the silver buckles. It is said that a popular minister in the West-end never preaches except in a pair of slippers adorned by silver buckles once the property of John Wesley. Whether there is any connexion between the two, the writer knoweth not. The gown must have been a handsome one when new, but the flowered brocade shows signs of age and wear. The slippers were worn by a man with small feet, and a quaint print on the mantelpiece bears this out. It depicts Wesley in the middle, with Dr. Hamilton on one side, and the Rev. Joseph Cole on the other, walking on Princess Street, Edinburgh. His height was five feet five inches, and he was always neat and dapper in his attire. He was small physically, but in no other sense.

The furniture excites our admiration. It belongs to the Queen Anne period. Evidently the Wesleys had good taste in their furnishings, or was it that nothing shoddy was made in those

days? The chairs are Chippendale, and well preserved. Charles Wesley's bureau in walnut occupies a prominent place. The poet of Methodism wrote over 6,000 hymns, and many must have been written on this desk—perhaps 'Jesu, lover of my soul,' or 'Hark, the herald angels sing,' or the hymn on Wrestling Jacob from which Dean Stanley quoted so effectively when he unveiled the medallion in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the Wesleys. That was the hymn of which Isaac Watts said that he would give up all his own compositions to have been its author. Charles Wesley's own hymn-book is preserved, the fly-leaves filled with additional hymns, in his own beautiful script.

One side of the study is covered by a book-case with lozenge-shaped divisions in its glass front. The glass is hand-made, and has a shimmer on it that is not found in the machine-made article. The case contains the earliest volumes of the *Arminian Magazine* which Wesley began in 1778; his travelling stationery case; his wrought-iron study candle-stick (once the property of Mr. Henry Carr Brackenbury); busts and pottery having some association with him. In a long glass case in the centre of the room are many interesting exhibits—letters, Wesley's gold seal, the last pen he used, medallions by Wedgwood, his mother's needle-case, &c.

On the staircase is a grandfather clock, very tall and handsome, made by a Huguenot driven out of France more than 200 years ago. The clock still keeps good time.

Passing into the bedroom, you see an engraving of the picture of the death of Wesley which took place here on March 2, 1791. It was painted by Marshall Claxton, and exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1844. Its historical accuracy cannot be relied on, as it is known that eight persons in the picture were not in the room when Wesley breathed his last.

John Wesley's desk is here, a more handsome one than his brother's. It has the usual secret drawers. without which none is genuine. It has lately been valued by an expert at £500, apart from its association value. Indeed, the furniture trade has recently shown an interest in the collection, and articles with illustrations have appeared in the *Furniture Record*. There is an immense teapot, presented by Josiah Wedgwood to John Wesley, which would have delighted the heart of Dr. Johnson. On one side are the words of the grace used at tea-meetings, and on the other the thanksgiving. It is said that the flowers represented on the pot were growing in Wedgwood's garden when Wesley visited him.

Leading out of the bedroom is a small room which is described on a tablet, ' This is the little room where Wesley retired for prayer.' It was his sanctum, his oratory, a sacred place. There is a fine old tall-boy in the room, a painting of Wesley preaching in Ireland, pictures of his birth-place, the Charterhouse where he was educated, Lincoln College, Oxford, of which he was a Fellow, and many others.

The Museum is a place of pilgrimage for Methodists from all parts of the world, and not for Methodists only, for well-nigh all the Churches are represented. A Roman Catholic priest from Brussels, who has himself written a life of Wesley, was recently an interested visitor and showed an intimate knowledge of events suggested by the exhibits. On leaving, he asked for the prayers of the curator, and promised in return to pray for him. Bishops and politicians, authors and missionaries have inscribed their names in the visitors' book, in which the signature of ' D. Lloyd George ' finds a place. A Congregational minister from Czecho Slovakia recently called. Native Japanese ministers and American missionaries to Japan and China are not infrequent visitors. As for Methodists from America, South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia—their name is legion. The visitors last year exceeded by one thousand those of the previous year.

The greater publicity given to Wesley's chapel and house under the ministry of the Rev. George H. McNeal, M.A., has led to many gifts being presented to the Museum. People recognize that it is a fitting place to send relics and *Wesleyana* generally. Mr. Edmund S. Lamplough, himself an enthusiastic collector, has been a generous donor. Charles Wesley's study chair and bureau are among his benefactions, and quite recently he has given a pair of old silver buckles, a pair of spurs used by Wesley, and one of his silver spoons from Bristol, about which an interesting story is told. In that day there was a duty on plate, and Wesley was required to make a return of what silver he possessed. He replied, ' I have two silver spoons at London and two at Bristol. This is all the plate I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread.' The Museum is proud to have one of these spoons.

An important bequest, from the representatives of the late Rev. Samuel Romilly Hall of Bristol, is so interesting as to require an article by itself to describe it. Mr. Hall was evidently a great collector, who arranged his acquisitions in beautiful style. There are four royal folio glorified scrap-books, handsomely bound. One is entitled, ' The Wesley Family,'

another ' Contemporaries of Wesley,' and two others ' Presidents of the Conference.' These contain letters, newspaper cuttings, beautiful engravings and mezzotints of the celebrities of the time. George Whitefield is represented by a variety of pictures, one of which irreverently describes his as ' Dr. Squintum.' There are smaller volumes, in which are found numerous holograph letters of Wesley, of which more will be heard anon.

Bristol friends and others have sent Centenary medals in silver and bronze, seals used by Wesley, and a banker in New Zealand has given two handsome high-backed chairs once the property of Wesley at the Foundery.

The Curator's work brings him into touch with interesting people from all over the world. Some go into raptures and are awe-struck at the exhibits, others are critical, and some even quizzical. Want of time prevents some of our transatlantic friends from seeing all, but the general impression is one of admiration of that great man, and of pride in the Church of which he so well and truly laid the foundations.

The Museum is only an adjunct of Wesley's Chapel, where the activities were never more numerous, or the outlook more hopeful. The Thursday mid-day services from October to April are like an Evangelical Alliance in the preachers and people they bring together, and the Sunday services are attracting not only visitors, but also an increasing local congregation.

The Glad Tidings

(*From the Italian of Severino Ferrari.*)

By HENRY BETT, M.A.

Who brought the happy tidings from afar?
  Was it some pilgrim from the distant shrines?
Or did the message fall from a white star
  That dreams all through the dark night as it shines?

The daybreak told it to the startled sun,
  The sun proclaimed it to the wan, white moon;
The birds knew of it ere the day begun,
  And sang it gaily to the winds of noon.

Ah, it is everywhere: the sunlit skies
  Confide it to the earth and to the sea;
The world is vocal with the echoing spell.

My own heart learns it with a glad surprise;
  But whence the advent and the birth may be
Of news so sweet and strange, I cannot tell.

A Psalm that has made Heroes

By ALBERT J. FARNSWORTH

The Song in the Old Version of Sternhold and Hopkins as printed in the appendix to the Geneva Bible, edition 1614 A.D.

1. The Lord is our defence and aide,
   the strength whereby we stand:
   When we with woe are much dismaide,
   he is our help at hand:
2. Though the earth remoove we will not feare
   though hils so high and steepe
   Be thrust and hurled here and there
   within the Sea so deepe.

3. Nor though the waves doe rage so sore,
   that all the banks it spils:
   And though it overflow the shore,
   and beat down mightie hils.
4. For one faire floud doth send abroad
   his pleasant streams apace
   To fresh the Citty of our God,
   and wash his holy place.

5. In midst of her the Lord doth dwell,
   she can no whit decay:
   All things against her that rebell,
   the Lord will truely slay.
6. The heathen folke the kingdoms fear,
   the people make a noyse:
   The earth did melt and not appeare,
   when God puts forth his voice.

7. The Lord of hosts doth take our part,
   to us he hath an eye:
   Our hope of health with all our heart,
   on Jacob's God doth lie.
8. Come heare & see with minde and thought,
   the working of our God
   What wonders he himself hath wrought,
   throughout the earth abroade.

9. By him all warres are husht and gone,
   which countries did conspire:
   Their bowes he brake and speares each one,
   the Chariots burnt with fire.
10. Leave of therefore saith he and know,
    I am a God most stout:
    Among the heathen hie and low
    and all the earth throughout.

11. The Lord of hoasts doth us defend
    he is our strength and tower;
    On Jacob's God we doe depend,
    and on his might and power.

VII.

FOR CROWN AND COVENANT.

THE story returns again to times of strong feeling and violent action. The Northern Kingdom of Great Britain has always rejoiced to own men of endurance and fearlessness. Sir William Wallace is the national hero, and his name is fittingly remembered in any book dealing with the influence of the Psalms. Long before the appearance of Cromwell's Ironsides he discovered the military value of the home-loving tillers of the soil. Other leaders in warfare had despised them, accounting them as fit only for the fields of labour, to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, the serfs and retainers of the great. Wallace had called them to a patriotic standard, and had trained them in arms. Then came the hour of trial when they were proved and found worthy. For the ruling classes in Scotland had despaired of their national fortunes, and it was left to the rustic followers of the famous outlaw to show that they could both use the weapons of warfare and stand the shock of battle. Upon the hills above Stirling these men had waited, while below them, from day-break until noon, the flower of an invading English army had crossed the narrow bridge that spanned the river in the vale. Then with zealous fury the ploughmen, carpenters, masons, and millers from many a hillside village and quiet glen had rushed from their hiding-place. With terrible slaughter half the invaders were soon cut to pieces, while the other half looked helplessly on from the other side of the stream.

It was a great victory, and for a time there was peace. But after a few years the English appeared again. Edward the First, the King of England, was himself in command, and this time the invaders were victorious. The Scots fell back. Wallace became a fugitive, and ere long was captured. He was taken as a prisoner to Westminster, where he was convicted on charges of treason, sacrilege, and robbery. Being sentenced to death, he was led to execution at Smithfield. After the manner of those times, his death was prolonged by the perpetration of much cruelty. As he hung in mortal agony, however, the Psalter which his mother had given him was held before his eyes that he might look upon it while he could. It had been precious to him through many a dark hour, and was made a comfort to him at the last. He died like a hero and a saint. Though his

head was mockingly crowned with laurel and placed before a jeering crowd on London Bridge, it was no shame to have died the death of a patriot with such a book to look upon in dying and such a love for it in his heart as he had.

But if one name more than any other expresses the national temperament and stands as the undying witness of the Scottish character, that name is the name of John Knox. He had looked in the face of many an angry man, he said, and had not been overmuch ashamed. He more than any other man in those days gained the victory for liberty of conscience in his native land. But he was not alone. Likeminded men supported him. Others followed, and prominent among them were those who caught his spirit of independence and freedom and humble devotion and who, with unflagging zeal, fought that fifty years' fight for 'Christ's Crown and Covenant' which came in the wake of the struggle of the Reformation. If John Knox could calmly answer Mary Stuart's contemptuous question, 'Who are you that presume to school the nobles and sovereigns of this realm?' with his famous declaration, 'Madam, a subject born within the same'; there were those who followed who with equal confidence could say, 'All is not lost that is in peril.' Moreover, they could further declare, 'The loss of men is not the loss of the cause. What is the matter, though we all fall? The cause shall not fall.' The heroic Covenanters have a worthy place in history, and in their story this sacred song claims special attention.

Most of the Covenanters were devoted supporters of Monarchy. They lifted their standard not against political but against ecclesiastical oppression. It was only when they were convinced that the power of the State was being used in the interests of tyranny in spiritual matters that they became rebels against the civil authority. Thus it was with 'the Society men,' or 'the Cameronians,' as they came to be called after one of their leaders. Their souls were incensed beyond forbearance by the cruelties of Claverhouse and Dalziel during what is known as 'the killing time.' Their first appearance was around the market-cross of Sanquhar in Dumfries-shire on the twenty-second of June, 1680, exactly a year after the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. There were about twenty of them, all mounted on horses and well armed. Their leaders were two well-known ministers of the Gospel. One was an old man upwards of seventy years of age. The other, Richard Cameron, was still young.

Cameron was a remarkable youth. He had studied on the Continent, and at Rotterdam had been ordained pastor of the Scottish church there. But his heart was in Scotland. His passion for the cause of religion there was so strong that one of his fellow-ministers had already predicted his martyrdom for the faith. He returned early to Scotland, where it was said of him that he 'lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting.' He had been home but a short time when he appeared at Sanquhar to take part in the demonstration there. A short service of worship was held. Then a Declaration was read wherein the authority of Charles II was repudiated. The document was then affixed to the cross, and thus was war declared by them against the King in the name of Christ, the Captain of their salvation.

Cameron was from that time the chief quarry of a chase in which the emissaries of the Government put forth their utmost efforts. He was sought and followed over the waste places of the Lowlands unceasingly.

Of the Covenanting preachers it is said that he was the most powerful. He has been called the Elijah of the Covenant. Another writes of him, 'The word of God by Cameron thundered.' The last of his sermons, however, was of the order of the still small voice rather than that of the earthquake and the storm and the fire. It was preached upon the Kyperidge in Clidsdale (Ker describes the place as being in Avondale, near Drumclog) three or four days before his death. The text was, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

Some notes of the sermon have been preserved. In them the preacher asks with a gentle winsomeness, 'Are ye not in love with this "Be still! Be still"? . . . Without being still, there is no right going about duty. Without it, we cannot wrestle, pray, or praise. How can ministers preach or people hear? How can there be reading or praying aright without being still? The man that is disquieted is unfit for any duty. He is a prey to every temptation. There is a proverb, "It is good fishing in troubled waters." The devil labours to confuse men, and then he easily catches them. He busks his hook, and takes by one temptation or another. So that the thing to be understood is, to be patiently waiting on God.' He also declared, 'The work begun shall be carried on in spite of all opposition. If ye be not delivered and made a free and purified people, ye shall no more be a nation than the Jews at this day. I say not this to cast you down, but to stir you up to take hold of Christ, and to

range yourselves under His standard. Our Lord shall not fail to raise it in the world, but O that it might be in Scotland.'

When the service was over he arranged with his friend, Donald Cargill, that they should preach together again a fortnight later. What happened may best be given in the words of the late Dr. A. Smellie, as written in his book, *The Men of the Covenant*:

> 'On the night of July 21, he slept in the farmhouse of William Mitchell in Meadowhead at the Water of Ayr. Out on a slope of the moor, under the sky his bodyguard snatched what rest they could; for, during that week, he was attended by about forty foot and twenty horse. "They were of one heart and soul," says Patrick Walker, "their company and converse being so edifying and sweet; and, having no certain dwelling-place, they stayed together, waiting for further light in that nonsuch juncture of time." In the morning, at his request, the farmer's young daughter gave him water to wash his hands, and, when he had dried them with a towel, he looked to them, and laid them on his face, and said, "This is their last washing; I have need to make them clean, for there are many to see them." Her mother wept; but, like his Lord before him, he bade her, "Weep not for me, but for yourself and yours, and for the sins of a sinful land; for ye have many melancholy, sorrowful, weary days before you."
>
> 'Bruce of Earlshall, a Fifeshire proprietor, was in command of the soldiers—Lord Airlie's troop and Strachan's dragoons—who had been sent by Dalzell to seek for Cameron. The pitiful ingredient in the story is that they seem to have been informed of his whereabouts by Sir John Cochrane, who himself claimed to be of one mind with the Covenanters, but whom the stricter party would have described as among the "dumb dogs" that did not bark. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day—it was a Thursday—the pursuers came on the little band, lying in the east end of Ayrsmoss, a bleak stretch of mossy ground extending through part of the three parishes of Sorn, Auchinlech, and Muirkirk. When Richard Cameron saw the enemy advancing, he gathered his men round him, and led them in prayer. There was no leisure for a multitude of words, no space for anything but one of those swift and strong ejaculations which carry the kingdom of Christ by force. Three times he cried, "Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe!" Then he looked to his brother, brother by spiritual as by natural ties. "Michael," he said, "Come let us fight it out to the last! For this is the day that I have longed for, and the death that I have prayed for, to die fighting against our Lord's enemies; and this is the day that we will get the crown." To the rest he cried, "Be encouraged, all of you, to fight it out valiantly; for

> all of you that shall fall this day, I see heaven's gates cast wide open to receive them.'' It was an encounter of cavalry, the foot soldiers scarcely needing to do anything. The Covenanters strove like heroes; but they were outnumbered, and the end was sure. Nine of their horsemen lay dead; and one of the nine was Richard Cameron.'

Such was the violent manner in which, when he had but attained the age of thirty-two, Cameron's bright course ended. The victors cut off his head and his hands, and caused them to be carried before the prisoners to Edinburgh. There they were shown to his aged father, at that time a prisoner in the Tolbooth. Mockingly his enemies asked the old man if he knew to whom they belonged. He replied, ' I know them, they are my son's. Good is the will of the Lord who cannot wrong me or mine.'

Donald Cargill was the elder of the two ministers who led the little company at Sanquhar. He was captured a year later and executed. The Government, fearing the probable effect of his words when he came to the scaffold, caused drums to be beaten so as to drown his final testimony. But martyrdoms have always proved to be valuable recruiting agencies. Faithful unto death, a witness and a victim, the sufferer, like Samson of old, often wins his mightiest victory as he expires. So Cargill's death brought into the movement one who carried it forward until he too stood on that very spot to die in like manner. For there among the crowd of onlookers was a lad of nineteen. James Renwick he was called, and he was the son of a weaver in Nithsdale. He went away, but not to his father's loom. He crossed to the Continent. There, like Cameron, he studied for the ministry, and was ordained. Returning to Scotland, he travelled for four years from place to place, encouraging the Cameronians. His faith in the cause was unshakable. When at last he was captured his personal papers were found to contain the notes of his last two sermons, one of which was based on the same well-known words as those from which Cameron had preached, ' Be still, and know that I am God.'

In the story of Richard Cameron, Sir John Cochrane does not show up as nobly as he does in a later event. This was on June 18, 1685, when he was leading one part of the little army of the ill-fated Earl of Argyll. His men were defending an old stone fold at Muirdykes against three troops of mounted men. They were exhausted, and the enemy practically encircled them. But they kept up a furious musketry-fire until the attackers

withdrew. Though the latter still kept a commanding view of the position, the defenders, at the call of their leader, began to thank God for their preservation. Then, having taken a book, Sir John repeated the Forty-sixth Psalm throughout. After that he offered prayer, during which act of worship his men, though kneeling reverently, kept a watchful attitude. After a few days of such fighting and praying they heard the news of Argyll's capture, upon which they dispersed.

Other stories of those times might be told. Other Psalms enter into the stories. The brief examples quoted here are but an introduction to an innumerable host of stirring events. To read at large among the records is to explore a mighty land and make the acquaintance of great men. The writer can but hope that his readers will turn to those records and read for themselves.

'Why?'

By W. A. L. TAYLOR, B.A.

Why should I join with the militant throng,
When surely the race is not to the strong,
And the treasures of heaven to him belong
Who possesses his soul in peace?

Why should I run in the heat of the race,
Or stand in the clamorous market-place,
When the kingdom of God, and all its grace
Is theirs who will enter in?

Why should I listen to many who shout,
And wonder whatever the noise is about,
When a still small voice, which banishes doubt,
Is whispering in my ear?

While there are stars in the deeps of the night,
And the moonbeams' glory unearthly bright,
Why should I ask for more dazzling light,
The wonder of life to see?

If there's a place where the poppies bloom red,
And a field of sweet corn for my daily bread,
With a pillow at evening to lay my head,
With these I can be content.

God give me for wealth my work and my friend,
Someone to love, and a little to lend,
Then a quiet green place to rest at the end,
So happy I live and die.

'Roumania and her Rulers'

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

Queen Marie.

UNDER that title Mrs. Philip Martineau has written a very pleasing account of her friendship with Queen Marie of Roumania, which began in May 1920. The volume is illustrated by many photographs, and is published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. (10*s.* 6*d.*). Queen Marie is the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, who succeeded to the Duchy of Coburg. As a girl of sixteen she married Prince Ferdinand, nephew and heir to King Carol of Roumania. Life was far from pleasant, for the King and Queen were severe and exclusive, whilst their Court was full of intrigues and jealousies. Her only friend was her horse, and that was safe, which could not be said of any other.

Mrs. Martineau first saw her friend as Crown Princess at a reception given by the wife of the Roumanian Minister in England. She was ' at the height of her youthful beauty. Her hair was golden, and she was dressed in white, with one immensely long diamond hanging from her neck on a slender chain, gleaming and glittering like the sun. . . . The name that flashed into my head, that she recalls to me always, was *La Princesse Soleil*—the Princess of the Sun. She emanated radiance and light, and her brilliance is as much an influence to-day as it was then.'

Roumanian Friends.

Many years later, in August 1919, Mrs. Martineau was with her husband and sons in Switzerland, where they met Prince and Pricess Stirbey, with their daughters and her sister-in-law, Madame Bratiano, wife of the Prime Minister of Roumania. They made excursions together in quest of orchids, and the young ladies told her of the glorious flowers of their own country. The following May she was in Bucharest. Her boxes had been opened with false keys and nearly all her new clothes were stolen. Fortunately she had put her two best evening frocks in a suit-case at Lausanne, so that she had a frock to wear at a party. 'The thieving from the registered luggage is appalling, and each country one passes through accuses the next! '

Life in Roumania.

At Bufted, about eleven miles from Bucharest, she was the guest of Prince and Princess Stirbey. The roads had been ruined in the war, and those who kept four cars never had more than

one fit for use; the others were in the repair shops with broken axles or springs. She woke up at Bufted to find a breakfast tray with the most wonderful fruit she had ever seen, thick yellow cream, coffee, cakes, and golden butter. One or two buffaloes are kept in the herd of cows, and their milk is so rich that it cannot be used alone. All windows were covered with wire netting to keep out the mosquitoes which abounded.

The visitor in Roumania is served not with tea but with a kind of jam with a small spoon and a glass of water. Sometimes instead of jam there is a conserve made from the flowers of the lime, or rose leaves, and sugar. It also is eaten with a small, long-handled spoon, and is followed by a glass of water.

Life in the Palace.

She had lunch with the royal family at Cotroceni, about two miles from Bucharest. The queen talked across the round table about the flora of the country, and the king spoke of a special foxglove which they had found the day before. His daughter left the table to fetch some of the flowers. It was more like an orchid than a foxglove, with tints of pale yellow and mauve. After lunch the queen showed Mrs. Martineau her book of flowers. The pages were of ivory about a foot square. Each bore a design of flowers on a curiously wrought background painted by Her Majesty in the richest colours. Queen Marie speaks four languages, and is an artist to the finger-tips. Her working day lasts from nine in the morning till nine at night. She has schools for encouraging peasant industries, for embroidery, basket work, weaving and busies herself with schools, hospitals, clinics, and all that concerns the people. She adores her grandson, little King Michael, 'the hope of Roumania.' She sent her second son, Michael, to Eton, and two of her daughters to a girls' school at Ascot, where they enjoyed the games and were glad to escape the flattery and adulation which they had in their own country.

Flowers and Bees.

Prince Stirbey had acres of flowers grown to provide food for his bees. There were carnations, roses, lilies, tracts of scabious and peonies, lakes of blue delphiniums, and drifts of iris. The flowers were sold in Bucharest, and all the paths were bordered with fruit trees, whilst great orchards stretched away into the golden plains. He had a large factory for canning the fruit. The long bee house is heated in winter, for the bees do not require so much food if kept warm. The little brown bee, a cross between the Italian and the Roumanian, works harder and

is hardier than any other. It also makes more honey. 'There are four great "honey-flows"—first the fruit blossom; then the white acacia, the lime, and the clover, in addition to the garden flowers, which begin with crocus and other bulbs, and end with the big pink seduns and Michaelmas daisies.' The Germans threw the beehives into the fountains when they wanted honey, instead of extracting it and leaving the bees to work. Nevertheless, bee culture shows a good profit. Queens are sold and sent in a small box with twenty attendant bees to feed her on the journey. A delicious cheese is made from sheep's milk, and Mrs. Martineau saw 160 sheep ready to be milked. Each yields about a quart per day from April to October. About 2,000 ewes were kept for milk on the estate.

German Plunder.

The Germans took away everything they could lay hands on. In houses where they were billeted they pulled the drawers from the chests and sent food in them to Germany. 'They stole every clock, every bell, all linen and silver, and, most cruel thing of all, they insisted on the peasants selling to them all their fine embroidered clothes, beyond what they had on at the moment, paying for them in worthless paper.'

Royalty at Work.

The queen asked Mrs. Martineau to return the following year to help her to rearrange her gardens. The king was pleased with one of her suggestions, and ordered up some soldiers to cut the trees so as to give a view of Bucharest. The soil is an alluvial deposit of the Danube, and rosies, peonies and irises reach a size and have a colour and scent, unsurpassed in any other country.

Mrs. Martineau never knew that Royalty could work from morning to night as they did in Roumania. They had breakfast together as a family at nine; at lunch ministers and their wives were entertained; and at night the king dined with his daughters, whilst the queen had a cup of soup and a little fruit in her own room.

Easter Celebrations.

Easter was kept with great ceremony in Bucharest. For some days before the Royal Family were allowed neither meat, butter, cream, nor milk. On Good Friday they fasted for twenty-four hours. Black was worn on Friday night at the cathedral celebration as it was the funeral service; white was worn on Saturday for the Resurrection. The church on Friday was very dark, and was draped in black. The clergy wore dark violet

mourning vestments. Worshippers had to stand from seven till midnight, but behind each of the royal party was a stall where they could sink down unobserved and rest for a few moments. The place was crowded, and there was a great deal of singing. The basses, tenors, sopranos and altos were in different corners. First the rich, deep bass would sing, then the tenors would answer from their corner. It was very beautiful and impressive. The chanting of the priests was flat and out of tune with curious little rag-time trills. It was not at all agreeable.

In the centre of the cathedral was a bier covered with flowers. As people passed they would bow or courtesy, and lay more flowers, ' The belief in that church being that the actual body of Jesus was lying on the bier, and would be raised on Easter Sunday.' The priest gave each person a ' black wax ' taper, which the Metropolitan came round and lighted from his own taper. Then all went outside, where a short service was held at each corner of the cathedral. ' These were called the Four Stations of the Cross, and the effect of the singing, and the clapping of some wooden instruments that they use and the booming of the bell in the dark night, had the most weird effect. We were told that we had to take great care to keep the taper alight until we got home, otherwise we would not have good luck in that year.'

On the Saturday the tapers were white, and the clergy wore coloured vestments. During the outside procession fireworks were let off, guns fired, and bells rung. As they returned to the cathedral it flamed with light, and people greeted each other with the universal salutation of the East, ' Christ is risen,' and were answered, ' He is risen indeed.' Every one filed past the king, who held out his arms and blessed the people. On Easter morning hard boiled eggs were broken against the eggs of those to whom good wishes were given.

The Oil-Fields.

The oil-field region is hideous, with pools of black oil in every direction and derricks lifting their ugly heads to the sky. The oil is thick and black, and has to be pumped into long pipes to the refinery before it can be shipped as petrol. At the edge of one pool with a thick scum of black oil on the top, there was a flock of geese endeavouring to clean the oil from their plumage with their bills. Miles away from the oil-fields, red coloured oil may be seen oozing out of banks in the roadside. From this valuable dyes and by-products are produced. Roumania is rich in minerals; talc is found in great quantities, and there is a hill

of paraffin wax. Amber is found, black, green, yellow, and even blue. White jade is not uncommon. In a country with commercial integrity this would mean great wealth, but as it is no man trusts his neighbour. When big American locomotives that could haul 150 wagons of oil were imported, the men at the yards refused to work them because they got backsheesh on every train. They made them unworkable in order to get back to their old locomotives which drew only eight wagons. Mrs. Martineau says the Roumanians are honest, patriotic, and loyal, but many other semi-Oriental nations have brought with them their own dishonest ways.

King Ferdinand died as this book was going to press. He was devoted to his people, and nothing pleased him better than to be among them. He was once missed for hours, and search parties found him at last seated among a company of peasants telling them a long and evidently amusing story. Prince Carol's behaviour was a great anxiety and grief to him. The Crown Prince married Princess Hélène of Greece, and seemed very happy, till, to the dismay of the royal family and the country he deserted her after the birth of their son and renounced his claim to the throne. Better things had been hoped for. Mrs. Martineau found him in 1921 bitterly opposed to the Casino at Sinaia. The Roumanians are great gamblers and he felt that the Casino did much harm to the young men, and he was furious with the foreigner who leased it.

' He was always up in arms against some abuse or other, and never hesitated to speak his mind. His parents, though often feeling things just as acutely as he did, had learned patience in a hard school, and did not counsel drastic reformations. After learning of some fresh bit of jobbery he would storm with fury, and say how much he would like to sweep the whole gang of politicians out. Perhaps he would have done—who knows? ' He was spoiled in his early youth, when he was entirely removed from his parents' wise influence. Mrs. Martineau was taken by Queen Marie to call on the Crown Princess at her chalet in the pinewoods, saw their family of ten Alsatian wolf dogs, and was shown by the Prince his collection of wild flowers made with the help of his tutor on the mountains at Sinaia. His disreputable exit from this country was in keeping with his whole political career.

Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

VII. SOME PREACHERS AND THEIR LITTLE WAYS

IF ever there was a subject on which opinions differ it is that of preachers and preaching. Truly, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Perhaps this was in the mind of our revered Founder when he instituted travelling preachers so that the bane and the antidote might both be applied.

Children of the manse are generally instructed in an unwritten law, that ' Colleagues are not to be criticized in conversation with " the flock," and local preachers are to be upheld as far as possible.' So though we were not at liberty to proclaim our likes and dislikes in this matter, we were allowed ample opportunities for hearing the opinions of others.

Occasionally unofficial messages, ' requests for the plan,' were given to us to deliver to Father. ' I wish ee'd tell Super not to plan *he* again, us can't abear un. Zo long-winded ee be, and can't make head nor tail on it when ee be vinished. He goes a' bummelin on louder and louder till us be veared ee's goin' to bust hisself.'

One flock, which my Father shepherded, was very free and easy in its criticisms of the pulpit supply. These people treated ministers and local preachers alike to a searching inquiry into their manners, methods and matter.

It was sometimes a little difficult for the minister's wife and daughters to give evasive answers to some of their questions. There is a great art in the giving of evasive answers. They must be evasive, but not *too* evasive. I remember there was one aggressive female, who liked to pounce on me in the porch, act as convoy to me, and belabour me with questions all the way home. ' What did *you* think, candidly now, of Mr. Smith's discourse this morning? ' Many a time did I linger in the manse pew tidying the hymn-books and Bibles in the book box, or talking earnestly to some more innocuous person and trying to appear too engrossed to break off from weighty Guild affairs, in the hope that she would attack someone else and leave me in peace. She fancied herself as ' advanced ' in her theological views, so the only way to soothe her and give her thoughts a fresh turn, was to pander to this idea a little. ' Well, you see, Miss Robinson—every one hasn't had your advantages.'

Then she would give a little wriggle of satisfaction, and say, 'Yes, you see, *my* brother is in the *Ministry*, and when he was studying for it *I* used to read his books and *still* have some of them.' Then I used hastily to inquire after his welfare, and so 'Christian escaped the danger of that' (subject) and reached the manse gate with a sigh of relief.

I was once asked by an 'old dear,' 'Isn't Mr. Tomkins a reel beautiful preacher, Miss?'

My own private opinion was that the less said about his preaching, the better, so I waxed eloquent upon his earnest manner and his worthiness. This generally put guileless old ladies off the scent. The only trouble was that they quoted my opinions, and, having a vivid remembrance of my eloquence, they told their friends that I thought Mr. Tomkins a splendid preacher.

Once, I must confess, I would *not* give an evasive answer. A particularly conceited young man had treated us to a discourse composed of a sort of crazy patchwork of his favourite quotations. One sentence was a very fine mixture. 'Allow me to cull but one more choice gem from the crystal fountain of poesy.'

He had the exasperating habit of continually appealing to his congregation for permission to do or say things, which unhappily, we were unable to withhold. 'May I tell you what Ruskin has to say on this topic?' 'If you will permit me I will say but one word more?' Gladly would I have answered, 'Certainly—one and one only, and that one—"Amen."' But, alas! there were many more words before he came to his final burst of eloquence, which, to his mind, was evidently the *pièce de résistance* of the sermon.

He asked us if we knew the *real* meaning of the word 'Repent.' Then, leaning far over the pulpit cushions, one arm thrust out dramatically, he gazed searchingly down upon us and inquired, 'What does your Latin dictionary tell you, my friend?'

I wondered how many of us owned such a thing.

He went through a pantomimic exhibition of diligently searching for the word in the Notice Book.

'Ah! now, here we have it, "Re—back," and "pento—I turn." I turn back! What a lesson a dictionary may teach us, sisters and brethren! Let us study them more.'

A fervent, though silent, 'Amen' came from the manse pew, and a murmured, 'Boss shot that,' from the Kingswood boy,

who could hardly be restrained from visiting the vestry and telling him what a howler he'd made.

Probably the country folk were completely taken in and thought such a ' high eddicated ' young man ought to be in the ministry.

When one old dame asked my opinion, I said I had not enjoyed the sermon at all. I was astonished to hear her reasons for admiring him. ' He has such lovely long 'air, Miss, and such beautiful archin' brows, and such a touchin' tremmle in his voice—'tis lovely, I du think.'

I told my Father in order to be a popular preacher he must evidently let his hair grow so that a lock will flop grotesquely on his forehead in moments of abandon. I was afraid it was too late to alter the parental eyebrows, unless he would consent to a consultation with a beauty specialist. However, we hoped that his particular style of beauty appealed to some other member of the congregation.

We tried to teach him by example, how to ' pull out the tremolo stop ' and ' dither ' every word as the young man did. He wasn't content with harrowing our feelings by these thrilling tones in the sermon only. Even the notice of the Sewing Meeting was announced in this pathetic tremor.

One of our colleagues preached in a style that reminded me of a game we played at Sunday-school treats, called ' Drop the handkerchief.' The refrain of the verse being, ' It isn't you, and it isn't you, and it isn't you, and it isn't you—but it *is* you,' and the handkerchief is dropped near that player. This is the way our colleague played the game in his sermon.

' Now, my friends, you *might* think this text means so and so,' and an elaborate dissertation on that head followed. ' No,' it does *not* mean so and so.' (' It isn't you,' in fact!) He then proceeded to demolish another fabrication that our heat-oppressed brains had been supposed to be creating—and again ' It isn't *you*! ' After building up a marvellous variety of misconceptions of the text, of which we were supposed to be guilty, and knocking them all down again, he came to the final stage of the game. ' It *is* you! ' Proudly he told us what he thought the text meant, and finished in triumph.

I remember one old minister, who was that awe-inspiring being—my Father's Super. I suppose he must once have been a young man. Perhaps he had even been kept well ' under ' by his Super. If so, those days were in the very dim distant past.

Before I tell you of his idiosyncrasies, I want you to know his

good qualities. He was one of a very noble band, who do their duty faithfully and perseveringly, with no blowing of trumpets, press puffs, or honours. In all weathers he was out visiting, tramping or driving in a high and very unprotected trap, labouring unceasingly in a wide country circuit. My Father said his schedules were models of neatness and filled in with meticulous care. He hunted for discrepancies in the third and fourth men's lists with lynx eyes. He never found a ' ceased to meet ' entered as a ' removed to another circuit ' in my Father's lists or any such evil thing.

The country folk called him ' a nice old gent, but uncommon stiff.' He was—he couldn't soften his parsonic starch. His very voice proclaimed him the parson, and he mounted the rickety circuit trap with an air of conferring a benediction upon it, and addressed the dejected mare with these encouraging words, ' Now, my good animal, let us brave the elements.'

He talked ' shop '—ministerial or circuit shop—on all occasions, laying down the law heavily. Of course the Connexion was fast going to the dogs, the Theological Colleges were not what they were when *he* was there! The Guild? What did we want with Guilds? Let the young people come to the preaching service or prayer-meeting!

The people called Methodists were set apart in his mind as the only ones worthy of much attention. I tried to introduce him one day to a delightful little imp of a girl. Oh no! inquiries must be made first, please. He ignored her utterly until he had ponderously inquired, ' Are *her* people, *our* people? ' I assented. His face changed to as near to a smile as I ever saw it, and the ministerial paw was graciously extended.

The Lord's day is not simply an opportunity for leisure. It is a day of Christian worship and service, and has been so regarded from the time of its inception. . . . The spiritual obligation of Christians is clear. They should seek to maintain at its highest the spirit of fellowship, and in order to do this must worship together, putting their hearts into it, and not sparing their enthusiasm. They must seek the glory of God in worship as in work. This, surely, is the mind of Jesus. It is expressed in the passage quoted from Codex Bezae. Men must know what they are doing and why they are doing it. No general law can express the individual's duty in matters of the spirit. Each must interpret the spirit as Jesus did, and carry out the intention of the Commandment by making himself spiritually efficient. . . . In intention and spirit this old law is right, though its Jewish form is no longer observed.—*G. R. H. Shafto and A. Gordon James in ' Moses and Jesus.'*

A Tale that is Told

Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

JUST past the Rising Sun inn, and next to Boon's ' Drapery and Fancy Stores,' stands a tile-roofed cottage of great age. The tiles, dark red, curiously heavy, and fluted, sink here and there, perilously one would suppose; yet that roof has stood the test of two centuries of rain and wind. The dormer window, which projects from this roof, is askew. Its small panes of glass have thick blobs in them, like the bottom of wine bottles.

The windows, on either side of the door, have similar glass, so that only by peering close can one see that behind one of the windows leather goods are for sale—harness, dog's collars, bands for sprained wrists, leather belts for men, and gloves for ' hedgers ' and ' ditchers.' Besides these things, there are leather purses, of the kind used by farmers, and currie-combs. Brushes too, for the use of grooms. If one looked in through the usually open door one would see what had once been a well-set-up man, but now bent, grey-haired and lined; the lined face showing a pair of tired sad eyes, and a firm patient mouth. He would be working—mending harness for the most part. This man bore the curious name of Ringtree—Reuben Ringtree.

One morning—a bitterly cold morning in March—Martin Price, the cobbler, went across the road to Reuben Ringtree's shop to see if he had a bit of leather which would do for a toe-cap for a farm-labourer's shoe: Martin had used up his supply. Reuben searched among the scraps which lay upon the floor around him, in a sort of apathetic fashion for a bit. Then he said, ' Look yourself, Martin. If you find a bit that will do, you take it. I've no big piece to cut from now. I'm done in.'

The little cobbler sat down on an old wooden stool, and fixed distressed eyes on the man who sat mending harness.

' You don't say, Reuben! ' he voiced huskily. ' Why, every one do think you've saved money all these years.'

' Well, Martin, I've never been one to squeal, and I've always hoped that when my large family was off my hands, I'd make a bit to put by. So I could, if it weren't for them motor-cars. It's them that has done me in. It's no use keeping it to myself no longer, because I can't nohow make ends meet. I'll have to leave the village, and see if I can get job work somewhere. If I can't, there's only the workhouse. I won't burden my married

children, who are none too well off; and Martin, I won't have charity—no, I won't! I know them in this village who would be glad to help me—if they knew. But I couldn't take that help. Mine is a tale that is told. You remember my dear wife, Martin, and how she died when our last child, little Gladys, was born. You remember how my Amy, who was only sixteen, took her mother's place, and brought up her seven brothers and sisters, and did all for me like what her mother would have done.'

'Amy was a pattern,' said Martin.

'She was,' her father confirmed, 'and when Evan Thomas wanted to marry her, she said "no" to him, for my sake. I knew she was main fond of him, and me—well, I couldn't sacrifice her. I said Elizabeth can do for me. All the other children are out and doing all right. Elizabeth can bide at home and look after me.'

Reuben shifted a piece of the harness across his knee uneasily. Then he went on.

'Elizabeth is getting restless. She knows I suspect, without my telling her, that things isn't right. She is wanting to get away and earn for herself. She's not like Amy. She cut up a bit rough last night, because I didn't give her the money to go to the 'Pictures' at Hastings. Well, Martin, why should I stand in her light? She'd get on all right without me. I'm a drag on her. You are the very first I've opened my lips to about it it all. Don't you tell no one. I'll just get out of it. This job will be my last. To-day I shall tell Elizabeth she can sell my bits, and get a situation. It's what she wants. My takings are next to nothing now here. I shall go by the carrier's cart to Hastings, and look for a job. But you know, Martin, no one wants an old man. My tale is told. There is always the workhouse.'

The old man's face puckered like a child's about to cry.

'Look here, Reuben,' Martin choked out, 'you come along of me, and help me mend shoes. There's always a bit and a sup for you anyhow.'

Reuben thrust out a work-worn hand, to be grasped by one equally work-worn.

'I couldn't, old friend,' he declared stoutly, 'but I'll forever remember your kindness in saying what you did.'

'Think again, Reuben,' pleaded old Martin. 'I've a bit saved; and my brother left me a bit as you know. Come to me while you look round. You can help me do the shoes, you know. Do think again, Reuben. Elizabeth, I know, wants to

get away. Every one knows that. She isn't Amy. Let her go. You come along of me for a bit.'

The tired, sad eyes of Reuben met the eyes of old Martin, which were wet with tears. A smile broke out like sun over a corn-field on the face of the harness-maker.

'I say no, Martin,' he said; 'but you have somehow made me happy. Sympathy is a wonderful thing. I've lacked it since Amy went. Whatever is, I'll remember you. I'm too proud to stay in the village after I've come down. I'd a rare good business when I lost my dear wife. Her and me used to talk of all we'd do when we retired. One thing was a pony-trap. Them motor-cars did for me. Saddlers and harness-makers don't count now. But, Martin, it doesn't matter a lot. My tale is told. I've had my share of happiness—the best wife a man ever had; and my Amy, God bless her in Canada where she is! The way that girl shouldered the burden for me! It was wonderful. I'm not thinking nothing against God. He's been main good to me. I've finished, that's all: and He can make a workhouse-bed soft, if so be I've got to come to it. All my children, excepting Elizabeth, are in Canada.'

'Why not go out there to Amy, or one of the others?' suggested Martin.

The old saddler raised his head almost grandly.

'It's not in me to do it,' he pronounced. 'I'll bear my own burden, and not inflict myself as a burden on others. I beg of you to tell no one what I have told you. Now my brother, Will, who went out to New York when he was eighteen, did uncommon well so I have heard. He always said he'd go shares with me if he made good. But he hasn't wrote for years now, so I suppose he's dead, and there weren't no one as knew about me, to let me know. Or maybe he's lost track of me. I've moved twice since he went away, and it's a lot of years—yes, a lot of years since he went. Will was fond of me, and I know he'd help me if he were alive and knew. But I'm not worrying, Martin. I don't owe nothing; and I've paid taxes, haven't I? Well, that makes it that I have paid for my place in the workhouse, if I have to go there, doesn't it? It won't be charity.'

He looked up at Martin with a sudden radiant smile, which was startling to old Martin, who was the more broken man of the two at the moment.

'It's queer, Martin,' he said, as he clutched the harness he had been mending against his breast, 'but there is something that springs happy in me, now things have come to the worst.

It's like as if I've somehow got a kind, strong arm upholding me. That's God, I reckon. I've never doubted God, Martin.'

'Well, Reuben, all the same, God wants us to help each other: now you can't say nothing against that? You come over and join up with me. I'd be glad of a bit of help. Let Elizabeth go and start for herself like she wants to.'

'I thank you, Martin, yes, I do right from my heart; but I can't stay in the village. It's queer, but I couldn't bear the sight of this cottage after I'd left it. I've had happy days here with my Mary—my true, faithful wife, and with my Amy. If I've not been so happy with Elizabeth, it may be my fault. Besides, Elizabeth is high-spirited. It has been no sort of a life for her here with me. Something mighty comforting has come to me this last five minutes, and I know from where; and I don't ask no questions.'

Martin Price rose from the box on which he had been sitting, and stretched out his gnarled hand, though he turned his head away.

'Don't let your heart be troubled,' Reuben quoted.

So the two men parted.

Next morning, Reuben Ringtree departed in the carrier's cart to Hastings, and Elizabeth packed up the few saleable articles, and left the village. She had already a place to go to. She had arranged all that. She had long been straining at the bonds which bound her to a humdrum existence. She was not like Amy. She felt she had a grievance against Amy. Amy had certainly mothered her, but she had married, and gone away, and left her to carry on. Elizabeth believed that her father had a secret hoard of money. She resented the small sums he doled out for her dress. Her father bored and irritated her—she hated Farley too. Of course Amy had been first—Amy had been everything—she told herself. It wasn't fair that she should not have her chance. Now she was going to have it. She hated domestic work, one day just like another. She was going as a waitress in a restaurant at Eastbourne, where it would be lively. She resented that her father had not even told her where he was going. He had his little pile she was sure. He would be all right. Somehow he had never confided in her. Something had certainly gone wrong with him. She suspected that that something might be that he felt they did not get on together, and he wanted for them to part. They had never got on. Elizabeth, in her own mind, only pitied herself. She had been shunted into the position she hated by Amy, who selfishly married

and went away. Her father she felt had only considered Amy. What was there in Farley for a girl? On the whole, Elizabeth was very thankful for deliverance from what to her was a miserable thraldom. Her father had told her he would send her his address when he had decided where he should live. He had given her five pounds to carry on with till she got her first pay at Eastbourne. Little enough, she told herself, out of his pile! He must have been screwing and saving for years!

Yet, as she went away from the cottage where her sister Amy had shouldered the burden of a young family, and had worked for them all so uncomplainingly, her heart was seized by a strange pain, unaccountable to her. Somehow, in some strange way, her vision cleared. She had longed to get away, yet, when she closed that cottage door, and started down the street, she felt that she had closed another door—and one against herself. She had also opened a door of memory. Till that moment she had never really realized what Amy had done. Walking blindly down the familiar street, she recalled how that weary young girl had gathered her and her brothers and sisters each night to say their prayers at her knees, as her mother had done. She remembered how clean and sweet she had kept the home and the little ones, and how kind and gentle she had been to their bereaved father. After all, had she not earned the right to the love of a husband? Was it not fair that she too should have a chance?

And her father!—well was it any wonder he should set store by a daughter like Amy?

She was surprised that it had been such a pain to walk out of the cottage for the last time. Had not she longed to leave it?

Well, her father had looked happy when he went off in his Sunday suit, carrying the carpet-bag, which contained the rest of his wardrobe, and the Bible, with all the family births and deaths written in it. Yes, he had kissed her good-bye, smiling strangely into her face. She was hurt that he had not told her just where he was going. But he had money—of course he had, and he knew her address at Eastbourne. He no doubt thought he had worked years enough. He would settle in some nice lodging-house, and get out on the front by the sea on sunny days. He would be all right. She recalled how he had said he would like to do that. He had said too, that it was time to his thinking for her to get out to work for herself, and had been sure he should find a nice decent lodging, where some good soul would look after him. He had refused her offer to look for a lodging

for him. Well, he had always liked to go his own way. Now he would be the ' retired gentleman ' she told herself.

By the time Elizabeth got to Eastbourne, her spirits had revived. She even wondered that she had felt a bit down-hearted at leaving the old cottage. She found the first day at the restaurant a little trying, as she had so much to learn. But the other waitresses were friendly and helpful, and one of them, Minnie Arkwright by name, suggested that Elizabeth should share her lodging, which was clean and comfortable. She and Minnie spent their evenings at the ' Pictures,' and were so gay that Elizabeth, only after a fortnight had passed, began to wonder that her father had been so long in sending his address.

Another week of silence on her father's part, caused her to become actively anxious. She and Minnie were having their supper of hot sausages in their bed-sitting-room, when Elizabeth suddenly began to voice her uneasiness. By this time, Minnie knew all Elizabeth's family history, so she understood Elizabeth's disjointed remarks during supper.

' All this time and no address! He must have found a lodging, Minnie. There are plenty to be had when you've money. He'd made his little pile all right.'

' Maybe he's lost your address,' Minnie suggested. ' Or maybe if he sent a letter to the restaurant someone knocked it out of the rack and it got lost. I know one letter got lost like that. Is there any one at Farley he might write to? '

' There's old Martin Price, the cobbler,' Elizabeth answered, her brows drawn together in an anxious pucker. ' My father liked Martin Price. He may have sent him a letter.'

' Well, Elizabeth, don't you let no grass grow under your feet,' urged Minnie. ' You write to this Martin Price. A father is a father. I wish to God my dear father was alive! '

' Ah! you were a lot to your father, Minnie, like my sister Amy was to mine!—my father and me were never much to each other. You've told me what real friends you and your father were.'

' There was an open door to your father's heart,' Minnie replied. ' Why didn't you go in? '

' You're talking queer! ' said Elizabeth.

' No, I'm not,' affirmed Minnie, ' I'm talking plain horse-sense. You've been all the time silly-jealous of Amy. There is room for every child in a father's or a mother's heart. You stood outside, you wouldn't go in. You blame your father, when it's

you that's to blame. I often think when we blame other people it's us as are in fault.'

'You see things different from me, Minnie,' answered Elizabeth, in an injured tone.

'Well, you've told me a whole heap,' said Minnie, 'and I only want to help you. Don't lose no time. You write this Martin Price to-night, and see if he knows where your old father is. You say your father has a bit of money at his back; but he wants a bit of love too. You've got to give it him. All his other children are in Canada. There's only you. You've got to play the game.'

Suddenly Elizabeth broke down and wept. Amid sobs, she poured forth what was a confession. 'Yes, Minnie, you are right. I did all I did in the house for my father grudgingly. I never tried to be nice to him. I thought I'm not Amy, and I don't count any. I see now. I didn't till now. Oh! I am miserable! He went away to free me, because I was always harping on wanting to get away. I was heartless to treat him so! You've opened my eyes for me.'

'Look here!' cried Minnie, grasping Elizabeth's hand, which lay upon table, 'to-morrow is Sunday. Shall I go with you to-morrow to Farley to see Martin Price, and find out if he knows where your father is in Hastings? Then you could go and see him, if you do get the address. I would wait for you somewhere we could fix up, and we'd come back here together.'

'Right you are!' cried Elizabeth in tones of relief. 'We'll go first thing to-morrow. We'll start early, for Farley is a good bit out of Hastings; and we'll have to get back there, to see my father, and then back here. We'll have our work cut out.'

* * * * * *

Old Martin Price, dressed in his Sunday suit, had just got back from chapel, when Elizabeth and Minnie arrived at his cottage. 'Come in, Elizabeth,' he said, in a shaky voice, 'and your friend too.'

The girls entered the white-washed kitchen where Tommy was laying the table for dinner.

'Sit you down,' Martin added, still in that quavering voice. 'Maybe you'll have a bit of pork and greens with us?'

'Oh Mr. Price,' broke out Elizabeth, 'it's real kind of you, but we can't stop. This is Minnie Arkwright I live with. She's a waitress same as me at our restaurant. She's come with me for company-like. Father's never sent me his address like he said he would. We've come to see if maybe you can tell us

where he is. I want to go and see him. Poor dad! I wasn't all I should have been to him. I know it now, and I want to make up a bit.'

'Tommy,' said old Martin, 'you go out a bit. Dinner can wait. It'll take no harm in the saucepan.'

Tommy clattered off, closing the door behind him.

'Elizabeth,' said old Martin, 'your father is very happy where he is.'

'But why hasn't he sent me no address?' cried Elizabeth, who was growing curiously alarmed by Martin's strange manner.

'Do you ever remember your father saying as how he had a brother who did uncommon well in America?' asked Martin.

'Yes, of course,' cried Elizabeth, in relieved tones. 'You don't mean to say Uncle Will has come back and——'

Martin raised a silencing hand.

'Elizabeth, I was with your father, and saw how happy he was—at the last.'

'*The last!*' repeated Elizabeth in a choking sob. 'He isn't—dead!'

'You wait, Elizabeth,' said Martin. 'Give me time. I'm slow I know.'

Elizabeth felt Minnie's hand seek hers and hold it tight.

'Your dad asked for me to be sent for to Hastings. Jack Barnard took me in his Ford. He, your dad, was so glad about news he'd got. His brother had sent him a whole lot of money he said, so he'd bought a nice house and he said as how you would like to see him in it. He said how he'd buy you lots of things, but he'd forgot your address, and would I find it. He told me he had been worritted not to give you more things, and now he had lots of money. He said I was to look round the place and see how nice it all was, and asked me to notice how many he had to wait on him. But just then, he was in bed for a bit—only for a bit, while he got well. He wasn't very well, but he was that happy and grateful to God, and unaccountable easy. He had his Bible on his bed by him, and he said, "In them ye think ye have eternal life"—meaning the Scriptures—and he said, "It shouldn't be *think*, because in them ye *have* eternal life"—and—and——'

'Well?' cried Elizabeth.

'That was the end,' answered old Martin, brushing away tears from his face with the back of his rough hand.

'Then—he—is—dead!' sobbed Elizabeth.

'Yes—he is dead. But he died amazing happy.'

Elizabeth was now weeping bitterly.

'It was God's goodness to him,' went on Martin, 'that he got his brain all queer, and thought his brother had sent him money. He had fretted because the motor-cars had killed his saddlery trade. He had come to the end of his tether. He had no money, and was too old to get work. But he said to me before he left Farley, "God can make a workhouse-bed soft if so be I come to lie on it"—*and God did.* Reuben never knew he was dying in the workhouse. He never knew he was there. He was took ill in Robertson Street the day he left Farley; and they took him to the Infirmary. *He never so much as knew!* I did not know where to find you, Elizabeth.'

A bitter cry broke from the girl. 'And I thought he'd got a pile! And I thought him mean! May God forgive me!' she almost shrieked. 'He gave me five pounds, when I left him—and—and he died in the workhouse! How can I bear it!'

Minnie's kind arms encircled the shaking, sobbing form of her friend. Tears were flowing from her own eyes.

'Don't take on,' said old Martin. 'What your dad would like would be for you to be happy, knowing how happy he was when he went away. I've got his Bible for you. You live like that teaches, and you'll meet him again. He never suffered at the last, and he's now with your dear mother.'

Minnie rose suddenly. 'Mr. Price, you are a good man,' she said with fervour. 'I'm glad I've met you. Now I'll take Elizabeth away. It is best. But I'll stand by her. My folks are dead. It'll heal my own trouble to have her to look after. My parents were so dear—so dear, and they are gone. But Mr. Price, I'd like to come to see you on some of our Sundays when Elizabeth can bear to come.'

'You'll be main welcome,' said old Martin. 'And won't you now have a bit and sup with Tommy and me?'

Minnie shook her head. 'We can get back by a bus that starts in ten minutes from Hippery's. I found out the time. I'd best take Elizabeth back straight. Lots of buses and charabancs will be running a bit later on, in the spring, and we'll come. Now I'll just mother Elizabeth.'

Old Martin watched the bus depart, bearing away Elizabeth—broken-hearted Elizabeth, and her new wonderful friend.

'The broken heart He will heal,' he said to himself, as he turned his steps back to his cottage. 'To think that Elizabeth should have found such a friend! God is very wonderful!'

Holding Youth

By SID G. HEDGES
Author of 'Saving the Senior Boys,' &c.

THE complaint has long been made that the Churches allow the elder scholars of the Sunday School to slip away, and twenty years later uselessly expend their energies in trying to win them back. Whether this is a completely fair statement of the case may be open to question, but certainly the most profitable and far-sighted policy for any Church is to concentrate much of its attention on the holding of the youth already within its walls. The healthiest Churches to-day are those which have constantly borne this in mind.

The problem of holding youth is always changing; youth itself is different in each generation. That is trite enough, but the fact that it has become a platitude does not mean that we have assimilated the full force of the idea.

Let us see in what respects the conditions which influence our young people differ from those of, say, twenty years ago. There are three outstanding innovations—higher wages, cinemas, and wireless.

Thousands of boys now earn three pounds a week, where their fathers were satisfied with three shillings a day. The effect of this in many, perhaps in most, cases is disastrous.

Recently I was talking to the headmaster of a large elementary school, who is responsible for running Evening Classes throughout each winter. He made the astonishing statement that whereas before the war he enrolled something like two hundred members each session, the post-war attendance is nearer twenty.

I asked how he accounted for this—was it that the boys concerned now continued their education at secondary schools; did they study at home, or what?

His reply was very emphatic. A big new works had opened in the neighbourhood; he attributed everything to that. The place had absorbed all the boys of school-leaving age for several years. High wages were paid for completely unskilled labour, and the result had been that the boys, getting so much money with so little effort, lost all incentive to self-improvement. He gave me an instance of one young fellow who has laboriously educated himself until he has taken an honours B.A., and who is now, at the age of twenty-four or five, earning rather less

than half as much as those works pay to almost illiterate boys of seventeen.

In the small town where I live Evening Classes have had a similar fate. Last year the authorities decided that certain classes might be held—English, arithmetic, and so on. They were intended to supplement the education of boys and girls who had just left elementary schools. Such young people were entitled to attend free. And not a single one joined! The attendance of older students was so meagre that this winter the classes are not to be continued. The one or two groups which are to carry on, were of such practical nature as woodwork and dressmaking—those for which little or no intellectual effort was required.

The Press, the Film, the Wireless.

A writer, a little time back, in the *English Review,* declared bluntly that the three greatest educational forces in this country —the popular Press, the Film, and the Wireless—are fast developing a race of half-wits. All necessity for individual thinking, he said, is being eliminated. The Press, for example, regards the public ' as a spoilt or tired child who must be constantly amused or excited, but never exerted.' The writer goes on: ' Every new " stunt " or concession to catch the popular fancy is in the direction of reducing the exercise of the mind—of cutting the cackle and doubling the pretty pictures. There is not one in a thousand of the films daily presented to the public that any sensible man or woman would seriously discuss or anatomize after viewing it. It is the measure of its value; it has but killed time and left no permanent good behind.'

It is hardly necessary to point out that all these conditions are new. Let me revert to my own town to illustrate a change that has come. At the beginning of this century this little place of three thousand people possessed a Society for Mutual Improvement, a Literary Society, Choral Society, Evening Classes, and one or two smaller groups of young people studying such special subjects as Shorthand. I was not of an age to be interested in such things at that time, but I have been told that there was a vigorous intellectual life among the young people. A number of the men, who so industriously developed themselves in those times, are now our most prominent townsmen.

But to-day the town has not a single similar organization. Our Sunday Schools do what they can, but there is no bit of outstanding evidence that the modern youth has any desire to

better equip himself for life. It is only in one or two individual cases that I have found a young man or woman studying in his spare time as did Samuel Smile's heroes. The ridicule heaped on Smiles's *Self-Help* in these present days is not altogether scientifically based, it is in large part evidence of a change of outlook on the part of our young people. In face of such facts it would seem that the pessimistic writer predicting a race of half-wits had at least some justification.

It may seem that I have deviated somewhat from my title, but I have done so in order to show that the Church's problem of ' holding youth ' is bound up with the matter of ' making youth more worth the holding.' After all we must be careful not to blame youth if the forces of civilization militate so strongly against the use of individual intelligence; it is not youth which has made those conditions.

Youth's Religious Awakening.

It is in the realm of religion that youth's intellectual awakening often comes, and unhappily those small signs of life are sometimes actually crushed out in our Sunday Schools and Churches. The religious development of most people has included three clearly separated stages. The first commonly lasts up to the age of fourteen; the second goes on to as far as twenty; and the third never finishes.

A child believes what he is told, and accepts all his Bible teaching unhesitatingly and unquestioningly. Doubt does not at any time enter into his mind. He may ask many questions, but he will always be satisfied to have them answered by an adult.

When the second stage comes the boy is feeling that he possesses a mind of his own. He is beginning to be a reasoning creature, and one who is questioning everything. And the questionings of this second stage are not the simple, curious inquiries of a child willing to be content with any answer. Instead, they are the fierce probings of one who insists on understanding. The boy has begun the long and troublous search for truth. And at that moment he is practically a young pagan, for none of his previous religion had that basis of personal conviction which alone he will admit as giving validity, henceforward. It is in the second stage that the boy may find it necessary to discard much early teaching that was unsound, and if his training has been of obscurantist tendency this discarding may cause him much bitterness. It is not pleasant for a boy to be ridiculed by his work-mates who find that he has never

questioned the literal accuracy of the accounts of animals entering the ark.

After this second stage of demolition comes, or may come, the third phase in which the youth begins a building-up of his own religious belief, based on hard-won conviction. Most of our young people who leave the Church do so in that second stage, usually because their attitude at that point is not understood. Their questionings are discouraged, are even styled irreverent. Possibly a Sunday School teacher insists on teaching them in the first stage manner, which obviously will be boring, perhaps abhorrent.

But understanding friends will guide the youth through this iconoclastic period as rapidly as possible and help towards erecting the firm edifice of belief that can follow. If the intellect is repressed at this awakening it may quite easily languish through lack of stimulus in the outside world, and so leave to grow a person bitterly disillusioned out of early simple faiths and incapable of ever progressing from the pitiable bareness of that second stage of development. But, if the stirring intellect is nurtured, a live and active Christian worker may be added to the Church.

Wanted—Understanding Sympathy.

To hold youth, therefore, we must have a wide and understanding sympathy, and to make youth worth the holding we must give him that opportunity of development that he does not easily find in the everyday world.

The first charge on the Church should be the school, and particularly the senior school. The best personnel, the most money, the most serviceable buildings, should all be yielded cheerfully. Roughly speaking the channel supplying the Church with new life leaks only at this one point of the seniors—all our efforts should be concentrated on closing the breach.

Both intellect and emotion must be reached, and in class-teaching the appeals may be combined in such resounding key-notes as Christ's message of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

There was never a time when world conditions offered the Church such chance of appeal to youth as now. Internationalism is in the air, and it satisfies every instinct of revolutionary common-sense in young people, and above all every Christian instinct. Let us not lose our opportunities. We can hold youth if only we will, and, as in all generations, he has within him ' the seeds of majesty.' It is our task to find and foster those!

Prisoners in Portobello

An Incident from the Civil War in Ireland

By P. K. HORAN

If you stay they'll curse your name to-morrow:
What have dreamers found but bitter sorrow?
—*The Dreamer.*

ONE evening we were removed to Portobello Barracks. We had not been long detained at Amiens Street Station. Groups of us were hustled into big military lorries.

Some one began to sing in scornful tones. The defiant chorus was taken up by many voices. The streets around echoed the words as the lorries moved off.

Soldiers are we whose lives are pledged to Ireland;
Some have come from a land beyond the wave—
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
To-night we man the bearna baoil;
In Erin's Cause come woe or weal;
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles' peal
We'll chant a soldiers' song.

An explanation may be given here. The words 'bearna baoil,' not always pronounced correctly by the Sinn Feiners, are Gaelic and mean 'the gap of danger.' The use of fugitive Gaelic phrases became popular during the ardent revolutionary days. There was never a general, absorbing interest in the revival of 'the old tongue.'

At every street corner, as the lorries dashed past, knots of people, mostly women, gathered. Those little assemblies were generally greeted by cries of 'Up the Republic,' from the prisoners.

Some of the Free State soldiers, as we now began to designate them, looked a little shame-faced. It was too early yet for the revolutionary impulses to have vanished in toto. Others smiled —smoking cigarettes cheerily. Discipline was not rigorous. Policy or expediency would forbid that when enemy and friend were as yet hardly distinguished from each other. Strictness would develop later with the waning or quenching of the fires of revolt.

On through Sackville Street we passed. That great thoroughfare was unmoved by our passing. How different such a scene of indifference or sullen hostility from that supplied by the seemingly far-off days of unrestrained enthusiasm.

I caught a vision—a memory, in those moments, of the first meeting of the Dail—Dail Eireann—the Republican Assembly. That was in January, 1919, after the triumphant ' return ' of the elections. Dawson Street was crowded by a surging singing, cheering multitude of young and old. The Mansion House, where the Assembly began its proceedings, was crowded to its utmost limit. I had been learning the Gaelic. How anxious I was to hear an address in that mellifluous tongue. My lithe young body wriggled its way through the dense, swaying throngs.

Eamonn De Valera stepped on to the dais. A mighty volume of cheering resounded through the hall, on to the streets, and curled, it would seem, like a rushing river through the city. Then came the well-phrased Declaration. It was a Declaration of Sovereign Independence.

Ireland was ablaze. Rebellion, rapine, reprisal, ruin followed in the hours to which this Assembly gave birth.

And now! The cheering crowds were gone; the passionate hours were silent; the enthusiasm was evaporated; the city was listless.

The lorries dashed on. Dust of dreams! The big gates of the barracks swung wide to receive us. Troops congregated as we jumped out of the lorries. We looked meaningly at their grey-green uniforms. That had been the uniform of the Volunteers of Easter Week, 1916. That had been the uniform—seldom worn—of the Post Rebellion (1916) ' Army.' Now those whom the Republicans regarded as ' traitors ' donned the self-same garb.

It was, perhaps, a laughable situation.

One is reminded, at this juncture of the story of the priest and the old Dublin woman. They met during the Civil War period.

' Terrible times we're living in,' quoth the ' Father.'

' Indeed aye,' said Brigid, ' between the I.R.A. (Ah), and th' I.R.A. (Ay), we don't know where we are.'

That was the position comically expressed.

We were led into a main building. It was a gymnasium, I think. Beds were, of course, conspicuous by their absence. That was to be expected. Imprisonment is not exactly a phase of luxury. Most of us were glad to lie down. I was almost too tired to think. The reaction had set in. There was an awful tiredness in every limb. A creeping weariness benumbed the brain. The glamour and romance were dead. A maddening

chorus of folly beat upon the heart. The march of majestic music—the music of high dreams—had died away. These only were left: hate, jealousy, mean ambitions, and death.

The cruel tide of war had turned against the authors thereof. The vaunted sword was broken in a wreckage of dreams. There was a tattered, stained flag at a masthead of carnage and cruelty. We had sung of other years—' when Ireland lay broken and bleeding.' Now was she broken anew at the hands of her sons. . . . The prisoners were out in the compound. It was a lovely summer's day. The tall iron bars separated us from the outside world. We could see eager faces—curious faces gazing at us through the bars. The sentries strode up and down. They were very young. A few of us watched them bitterly. The fêted were now the hated. The ' Insurrectionists ' were now the ' Irregulars.' The ' Republic ' was now a chimera—mirage in a desert of national hope.

I had been ' Constituency Director of Elections ' in Dublin; I had been a speaker in the Irish Self-Determination League (Liverpool); I had been a language enthusiast, and a teacher in the Gaelic League. Consequently some of the prisoners felt that I ought to address the troops. I was burning with a sense of wrong. A chair was brought to me. I mounted this, and began to harangue the guards. There was a stir amongst the prisoners. The scattered groups gathered about the chair. Excitement heightened. I spoke to the sentries of the history of their uniform, of the history of their flag (the quondam Republican tricolour). I recalled the ideals, the aspirations, the hopes of the early movement. At length I prevailed to some extent. Several of the sentries threw down their rifles and took their stand with the prisoners. It was the intention of a number of us, if successful in the appeal, to take over the barracks, seize the military stores, and in evacuating form ' flying columns ' for guerilla war. The unusual resignations had a strange sequel. A crisis was now at hand. The troops were divided against themselves. Had it not been for an unexpected intervention I do not know what the ultimate issue might have been.

Intervention came in the form of Mr. Barton. He was also a prisoner. He was a Member of Parliament for County Wicklow. The Republicans did not adopt the title of M.P. They were known as T.D., or Teachta Dála. Teachta represents ' Deputy,' and Dála is the genitive singular of Dáil which is the Gaelic equivalent of ' Assembly.' He was a signatory to the now

famous Treaty, but had renounced his signature during the Dáil debates, and voted, with the extremists, for the rejection of the ' Articles of Agreement.' Apparently he did not agree with my course of action. He approached a group with the plea that we should ' line up,' and leave the compound for our ' quarters.' It was impossible now to decide upon a unified plan. A ' split ' had come. The inevitability is obvious in Irish politics.

I was disgusted, it must be confessed, by the note of compromise thus introduced. I stood silent and watchful. The element of uncertainty spread rapidly. The prisoners began to ' line up ' ; the soldiers who had thrown down their rifles joined the ranks. I myself ' fell in,' too. I was not in a mood to challenge. Blow after blow had been struck at my edifice of dreams. On this occasion my hopes of escape from bondage were dashed to the ground. I was wearied of the mockery and emptiness of the National ' heroics.' In the light of such an incident as this it was all so cheap and unheroic—

Full of sound and fury signifying nothing.

The order ' Form fours ' was followed by ' single file.' Then ' right turn ' was commanded, and we moved quickly from the compound.

Back again in our ' quarters ' we fell to discussing the immediate situation. This discussion did not result in anything tangible. I noticed that Mr. Barton glanced quickly once or twice at the ' prisoner ' soldiers in their grey-green uniforms—a patch of colour against the drab civilian garb of the Irregulars.

I felt sorry for those boys. I felt that we had betrayed their position, that there had been a compromise with principle. I approached them, and after chatting with them for a little while I advised them to apologize to their own officer and return to the ranks. It did not seem that we, as a body, were going to support them in their stand for ' the old cause.' They were relieved, I believe, to hear my counsel, in the circumstances. They acted, without delay, on my advice. No protest was raised.

Afterwards I heard that they took part in the advance of the National Army against the Irregular strongholds in Cork.

. . . That night Liam and I lay side by side on the barrack floor. We were not sleeping. The darkness was closing in. We heard a light patter of feet at the end of the building. There was a whisper, a shuffling, a silence. We guessed what was afoot. Some were attempting to escape. We rose, and went towards the end of the building, which was shrouded in gloom.

Suddenly a few rifles crashed out. The silence of the night was broken by the sound of running feet and hoarse voices. The door was burst open. Lights flashed through the gloom. The buttons on the tunics of the military police gleamed in the darkness. Soon the building was ablaze with light. Barton had escaped.

We turned and looked in the direction of the police. Revolvers were raised menacingly. Behind the police the soldiers of the guard gathered—rifles tightly clutched. They scattered about the building, and began to search everywhere. We were ordered back to our 'beds.' This order was obeyed sullenly. The search continued. Then, with revolvers gripped firmly, the police retired as a number of military officers began to count the prisoners.

All through that night a light would flash intermittently in the building. Sleep was out of the question after the tension and excitement. We lay awake—some of us—listening to every sound. A faint hope began to grow that the barracks might be attacked and the prisoners be released in the conflict and confusion. A cold, grey dawn, however, broke, in wan light, into the building where we lay, and the shadowy whiteness touched upon the faces of restless young and old.

There was no dawn in my heart, nor would there be until the Light of the World appeared.

Ah, Ireland, had you but known the day of your visitation.

Darkness and death.

'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.'

Take Away

By A. MAUD WORKMAN

Take away the meadows, take away the sky;
All the beauties manifold that around us lie.

Take away the sunshine, singing of the bird;
All the life of Nature seen or heard.

Let there be all darkness, let there be all night;
Disperse the starry heavens, let there be no light.

Take away true converse, loving bond of friend,
Fellowship of spirit, ever without end.

Keep the world's vain treasures, keep them unto death;
Without the soul's pure vision whence their vital breath?

Music and Literature

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

II. DANTE (4).

WHILST passing through Inferno Dante meets Bertrand de Born, carrying his head before him like a lamp. He had met a well-deserved fate, for besides being a troubadour he was a conspirator, and whilst on earth he was one of those who induced Henry II's sons to rebel against their father. He is the only songster whom Dante encounters in Inferno, but in Purgatory he also meets Belacqua, of whom it is recorded that he was ' an excellent master of the harp and lute, but very negligent in his affairs, both spiritual and temporal.' Dante had known Belacqua when he was on earth, and there is a story that the latter once quoted Aristotle to the effect that ' the mind attains to wisdom by repose and quiet.' ' In that case,' observed Dante, ' if repose will make a man wise you ought to be the wisest man on earth.'

Further on his journey Dante encounters Arnaut Daniel, another famous poet from the land of the Troubadours. He became a jongleur (or wandering minstrel), and in the course of his travels he crossed to England and obtained an entrance to the court of Richard I. Here he is said to have engaged in a poetical contest with a rival whom he finally routed and put to shame. Dante evidently held Arnaut in high estimation. There is another character in Purgatory that attracts our attention, and that is Wenceslaus, whose name is known to every one through the Christmas carol about ' Good King Wenceslaus ' and his page boy. I forbear to relate what the cold facts of history have to say about his claim to the title ' good.'

Besides Virgil and Beatrice, Dante had a third guide who brought him safely to the end of his journey through Paradise. This was Bernard of Clairvaux, whose name is so familiar to us through the hymn on the Name of Jesus (' Jesu dulcis memoria '). Of all the translations, that which finds the widest acceptance is Caswall's ' Jesu, the very thought of Thee, with sweetness fills my breast.' With St. Bernard's name also is associated the hymn, ' O Sacred Head, once wounded.'

Instruments.

The instruments mentioned by Dante, though limited in number, make an interesting list, and indicate those which were in popular use in his time. Amongst stringed instruments we

find arpa (harp), cetra (cithern), giga (dulcimer?), lira (lyre), and liuto (lute). The wind instruments include cennamella (pipe or reed), corus (horn), organo (organ), sampogna (rustic pipe), tromba and tuba, both of which were some form of trumpet. The ' giga ' is mentioned in connexion with the harp, and the translators, none of whom except Plumptre have been students of music, have rendered it in various ways, such as lyre, dulcimer, in fact using any more or less appropriate term that would suit the exigencies of metre. The dictionary tells us that giga is an ancient musical instrument. Suppose we leave it at that. Cetra, pertugio, and sampogna are mentioned together, and Plumptre thus interprets the terms:

> **And as the cithern's music takes its note**
> **Within its neck, or as through open way**
> **The wind through bagpipes orifice is blown.**

This seems to fix Dante's cithern as a guitar-shaped instrument with frets on the neck to indicate the correct stoppings on the strings. Sampogna is, more probably, a sort of rustic pipe, and ' pertugio ' refers to the holes or openings for forming the notes. The tones of the organ seem to have greatly influenced the poet, though the instruments of his day were of very elementary form. Definite information about a Dante organ is not forthcoming, but generally speaking one of that period would have a range of about two octaves, with keys about three or four inches wide. There would be two or three pipes to each note, but as there were no stops—or means of shutting any of them off—there would be a continual ' full organ effect.' The internal mechanism, such as it was, was so heavy in action that the player had to strike the keys with his fist, indeed E. J. Hopkins suggested that they must have equalled in size the treadle of a knife-grinder's machine. It is, indeed, hard to believe that it was an instrument of this description that Dante heard accompanying the Te Deum, or when we find him speaking of ' the sweet harmony which comes from organ notes.'

The instruments of percussion referred to are the drum and various kinds of bells. Specially interesting are the curious lines about striking clocks, for it would appear that this is the first reference to them in literature:

> **There like a clock that calls us, as by law,**
> **What time the Bride of God from sleep doth rise,**
> **With matin praise her Bridegroom's love to draw,**
> **Where the one wheel upon the other flies,**
> **Sounding *' Ting-ting, ting-ting '* with note so sweet**
> **That souls attuned feel love's high ecstasies.**

Visitors to Wells will be reminded of the curious old clock in the cathedral, which was made by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, probably about the time of the death of Dante.

Many more examples might be quoted to show how strangely and how deeply Dante was influenced by music and its mysteries. It is, indeed, characteristic both of the poet and of his time that he should assign such prominence to music, and especially to its association with the Church. As Dean Plumptre points out in his *Studies and Estimates,* Dante undoubtedly recognized the ' regenerating and purifying power of sacred psalmody. He had known, as Hooker, Milton, and J. H. Newman knew, how it could soothe the troubles and attune the discords of the soul; how, when married to immortal verse, it could give them wings . . . that made them fit vehicles for the utterance of divine mysteries.'

From his entrance to Purgatory music holds sway, and its power and influence increase as he advances. When passing through the realms of Paradise he notices that the strains of music seem to die away, and finally to pass out of hearing. He turns to Beatrice, who has now succeeded Virgil as his guide through these wondrous regions, and he asks the reason:

> **And tell me why within this sphere alone**
> **Is hushed that hymn of Paradise so clear,**
> **Which through the rest rings out its dulcet tone?**

Quick comes the answer. The music in the sphere which the poet has now reached is too much for mortal ears. But the spell of silence is broken later, and he hears the ' Ter Sanctus,' ' Holy, Holy, Holy,' flowing through all the heaven, and the Gloria chanted by all in Paradise until at last he reaches the heights where nine choirs of angels join in lasting song:

> **And there from choir to choir Hosannas flew.**
> **Then heard I, echoing on, from choir to choir,**
> **'Hosanna' to the fixed point, that holds**
> **And shall for ever hold them to their place.**

In conclusion I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the translation of Dante's works by Carey, Thomas, and Longfellow, and specially to Dean Plumptre's version. The numerous writings on the Italian poet and his times by Dr. Paget Toynbee have proved invaluable, and I owe to him the translation from Dante's *Convivia* given on p. 252.

Lakes

Interesting Facts about Lake Formations

By ERNEST FRITH, F.R.Met.Soc.

THE study of lakes has received considerable attention during recent years. The accurate and careful observations of geographers have supplied us with material of great value and profound interest. A lake is a body of water which has collected in a depression of the earth's surface. The water has been derived from rivers and from the rain that has drained down the adjacent slopes of the hills, and in some instances from water derived from springs in the bed of the lake basin.

Oxbow lakes are the abandoned portions of rivers which have been closed at one or both ends. Most shallow lakes, however, are formed by the deposition of a bank of earth across a valley and are called ' barrier ' or ' obstruction lakes.' If a river be blocked at a narrow gorge by moraine materials which glaciers have brought down, or by a lava stream, or a landslip, the river bed below runs dry, and the water above rises and floods the valley, thus forming a lake. Our English lakes of Windermere and Ullswater are examples of lakes mainly due to barriers of boulder clay (the material which accumulated, ages ago, underneath a glacier) thus blocking the valley. During the Ice Age the famous parallel roads of Glen Roy, in Inverness, Scotland, are the wave-cut shore lines of a great lake, whose waters were impounded and held at three consecutive levels by glacier conditions to the west.

Our engineers when building a dam across a valley to form a reservoir are following nature's scheme of a barrier lake.

On the Natal coast there are many storm-beach dams. These coastal lakes have been formed by the accumulation of sediment due to the piling up of the storm beaches, where the surf strikes a sloping shore of coarse shingle. The water of the river collects behind this natural barrier and forms a lake or a lagoon.

In some cases the beds of lakes are formed of the craters of old volcanoes. Such crater lakes are numerous in the islands of Sumatra and Java, and small examples occur in British East Africa. Lake Avernus, near Naples, is another instance of a crater lake. But craters and dams will not account for most of the lakes of the world.

The basins of most lakes have been formed by the crumplings

and dimplings of the earth's crust. Fractures, displacements, and dislocations of the earth's crust are included under the comprehensive term ' faults,' and many of the largest lakes of the world have originated in this manner. The African lakes of Nyassa and Tanganyika have arisen in connexion with a faulted area, and the valley of the Jordan, in which lies the Dead Sea, is a strip of country that has sunk down between two parallel faults; the Lake of Galilee, the Dead Sea, and some of the African lakes occupy depressions in the floor of this Great Rift Valley. The large lakes of North America (Lake Superior to Lake Ontario) are also examples of areas of terrestrial subsidence.

The beautiful meres of Cheshire (England) are results of subsidence, but of a very different character. The Triassic rocks in many parts of this English county, contain thick beds of rock-salt and much gypsum (sulphate of lime). These substances are highly soluble, the result being that percolating waters have dissolved these irregular masses of salt and the earth above has subsided and formed extensive hollows.

Salt Lakes.

The waters of lakes may be fresh, or they may contain appreciable amounts of salt, increasing in extreme cases to 18 per cent. in the Great Salt Lake of Utah, 24 per cent. in the Dead Sea, and 29 per cent. in Lake Elton, Russia, as compared with the ocean, which contains 3.4 per cent. of salts.

The Great Salt Lake of Utah in North America has a length of seventy miles, and is forty-eight miles wide. Its shores are whitened with salt. It is estimated that there are 400,000,000 tons of salt dissolved in the water of this lake, and the production of salt from its water is an important industry. The density of the water of this lake, so heavily charged with saline matter, makes it difficult to swim in, but for floating on one's back nothing could be better. This is the chief recreation of those who spend their holidays on the shore of this lake. A well-known Methodist minister, the Rev. Frederic W. Macdonald, visited this lake a few years ago and in a letter he tells of a domestic scene he witnessed. The elderly father lay on his back on the surface of the water reading a newspaper and smoking a cigar, while his wife lay by his side peacefully knitting, and their daughters floated about lazily and luxuriously upborne by water that seemed almost solid in its power to support. A strong douche of fresh water is necessary after bathing in the lake in order to rid the body of the briny particles adhering to it.

Most salt-water lakes have no visible outlet, the water

disappearing by evaporation, and possibly in some cases by subterranean channels. The Dead Sea has no visible outlet, and yet it receives daily, says Mr. Philip W. Sargeant, about six and a half million tons of salt. The secret of this constant addition to its water, and yet failure to increase in extent or depth, is to be sought in the tremendous evaporation caused by the fierce sun beating down upon it, and in the absorbent nature of the soil. It is correctly called ' The Dead Sea,' as there is no life in it, with the exception of some few microscopic specimens, and a kind of worm (annelida) which may be seen crawling among the crystals of sulphate of soda and lime on the borders of the lake. The fresh water fish brought down by the River Jordan and other streams running into it soon die, and even salt fish perish when put into it. In South Africa there are many examples of salt lakes, small and unimportant. In the Kalahari there are the extensive Makarikari salt pans, and numerous small saline depressions the northern Karroo.

Fresh-water lakes have generally an outflowing stream, but some discharge their surplus waters by percolation through the ground, or by some subterranean river channel. The water of Galilee is blue and sweet because it gives out what it receives, unlike the Dead Sea, which receives and, having no outlet, retains and becomes dead. Is not one tempted to moralize? Lake Nyassa of East Africa is a vast inland sea of untold depth, where luminous phosphorescent fish sparkle in the cool water, and giant crocodiles bask by the shallow, mud-rimmed edges. This lake is three hundred and sixty miles in length and sixty miles average breadth. The water is crystal clear, and near the shore a penny dropped to the bottom, at a depth of fifteen feet, can be seen. Lake Tanganyika, with its blackish-brown water, is utterly different from Nyassa, though only a few hundred miles away.

The Colours of Lakes.

A word here concerning the colours of lakes may be of interest. The green and yellow colours of lakes are caused by organic matter dissolved from vegetable substances, or by patches of vegetable organisms (algae). The exquisite deep blue colour of the lakes of Switzerland and Northern Italy is due to the scattering of light from the fine flakes of mica brought down by the glacier rivers and suspended in the water. If light is reflected from a sandy bottom through shallow water the result is a green colour.

The Caspian Sea is the largest isolated sheet of water on the globe, and has an area of one hundred and seventy thousand

square miles. Lake Superior comes next with an area of thirty-one thousand square miles. The highest lake in the world is Horpo Cho (seventeen thousand feet) in Tibet. The lowest is the Dead Sea, which is one thousand two hundred and ninety feet below sea-level. Lake Baikal, a mountain lake in Siberia, is said to be the deepest, its mean depth being eight hundred and fifty feet, and its greatest depth four thousand feet. The water of some lakes periodically expand and contract. Lake Tchad in the dry season has an area of only six thousand square miles, but in the wet season it has an area of forty thousand square miles. Lake Bangweolo, in British Central Africa, is another lake which fluctuates in size, and there are many lakes which only come into existence after heavy rains.

All lakes are merely temporary topography. Their life-history may be a season or centuries, but they are relatively short-lived. The rivers entering them are the most important agents in their destruction. A river's relation to lakes has led to the epigram: Rivers are the mortal enemies of lakes. Since lakes are the depository of the sediment borne by the inflowing rivers, the length of time required for their extinction varies with the rate of accumulation and with the size of the lake. In arid regions evaporation frequently exceeds precipation, with the result of extinction. Plants, especially rushes and lilies, find a congenial home when in the shallow borders of lakes, and help to fill their basins when they die. Some lake-plants secrete lime carbonate and other silica, and these materials all assist to make lakes a temporary feature of the world.

Lakes are of considerable service to man. They act as reservoirs for surface waters, and so tend to restrain floods and promote regularity of stream flow. They purify the water entering them by allowing their sediment to settle, and as a consequence the water outflowing is often crystal clear. Lake water, in some instances, supplies great cities and thickly-populated districts, and thus saves the expense of having to construct large and costly dams. Many of the great lakes of the world are also important highways for navigation. Scenery may be thought a trivial matter to certain utilitarian minds, but the attraction of the charming Lake District of England and Switzerland has a greater commercial importance than is ordinarily realized, and Railway Companies and Governments know well how to advertize in order to reap some of the benefits.

Leaves from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

THE POOREST WOMAN I EVER KNEW

ARRIVING home from one of my sketching excursions (I had been for a week in a Dorset village, making illustrations for a book) I found a letter awaiting me from a stranger. This was in no way an unusual happening. But the letter itself was unusual. I read it while I drank my tea, and ate my ancient cook's excellent scones. My cook, who had previously been in the service of my mother, and had come with me when I started a ' bachelor-girl ' home of my own in London, assumed certain privileges which I did not resent. She was one of those faithful old retainers who are nearly extinct.

She drew my attention to this particular letter, remarking that there was a crest on it, and the envelope was made of ' grand paper.' The dear soul was frankly curious, and lingered, placing, and altering things on my tea-table.

I laughed a little as I said, ' You shall know all about it, Perkins, but not till I have eaten your lovely scones.'

' Oh! Miss Gabrielle! ' Perkins exclaimed deprecatingly, ' I wouldn't take such a liberty as to——'

' Don't talk nonsense, Perkins,' I remarked, as I laughed into the kindly, wrinkled face, ' You are dying to know from whom that letter comes. I will open it and tell you. Have I not always brought my worries to you since I was a child? You were not a cook then, but my nurse.'

' Oh Miss Gabrielle, I do hope this letter isn't a worry? I thought maybe it was some good luck! '

I tore open the envelope, and began to read aloud.

The letter was from Lady Trenorth and ran,

' Dear Miss Garth,

' I am familiar with your illustrations. There are some sketches I want made of an old cottage—now in ruins—and of the garden, which is now a wilderness. Will you find it possible to come to stay with me at Wanstall Hall for a few days? I could car you to the cottage. I do not care what I pay for the sketches. From my knowledge of your work I feel you are the only one who could do just what I want. I do hope you will not disappoint me by saying you are too full up with work

to accede to my request. I want these sketches in water-colour to be in the room where I shall be a prisoner for perhaps a long time. They will companion me.'

Perkins waited, silent and expectant.

'I shall go at once,' I said. 'This is in the nature of an S.O.S., and I can give up the day or two of "lazing" I had promised myself. You will look through my things, Perkins, and pack a suit-case. Put in an evening gown.'

'I'll see to it, Miss Gabrielle. I'll see to it all,' said Perkins importantly as she departed evidently elated.

The following evening I found myself, after a telephone arrangement, travelling in a luxurious car from a small station called Gomshell, through wonderful Surrey landscape, and finally entering a carriage-drive which was skirted by an avenue of chestnuts, which led to an old mansion.

It was an evening in early summer, and the dipping sun shone on the many windows facing me. Yet, somehow the place struck me as sad and depressing.

The footman who came out and opened the door of the car was smart. The huge entrance hall into which I was ushered was indicative of wealth. I was taken into a drawing-room where the gilt chairs were *Louis Quinze*. There was a grand piano, which was heavily embossed with brass, and looked as if it had come from a French chateau. There were wonderful cabinets, and old screens. But what struck me most, as an artist, were the pictures of old masters on the walls. I had no time really to examine these things, for in two minutes a tall figure, in a clinging black dress, came into the room. She had the most tragic face I had ever seen. Thin almost to emaciation, her great dark eyes stood out like flames. She could not be more than thirty years old I decided. The voice in which she addressed me was low and sad. I was instantly drawn to her. I think she was drawn to me, for her face lit up with a surprised but momentary gladness, as she looked into my eyes.

Afterwards, as she accompanied me to that ruinous cottage, where I was to make water-colour sketches, she said to me, 'You think I am rich, Miss Garth. I am the very poorest woman you ever knew. Yes, I have what the world calls riches, but the only happiness I ever knew was in this ruinous cottage where I was born. My parents were gentlefolk but poor. I resented poverty. I made a loveless marriage to escape it. My husband—well I will not speak of him—he is dead. We never had a child.

It was a terrible mistake—my marriage. My dear mother and father are dead. This dear old home is in ruins. I—I would gather up the fragments that remain—your pictures of this place where I was once happy—*and did not know it.*'

This was all the confidence that Lady Trenorth gave me, but I learned from her special maid that she had an incurable disease. Alone in a gorgeous mansion, with money to buy anything she chose, she was poor. She had neither relation nor friend. The 'ins and outs' I never knew, but I formed the opinion that she had sold herself for naught. All her money could not buy happiness.

But I am always thankful to think I gave her a little at least. I made water-colour sketches of all the spots most dear to her, and they were her companions in that gorgeous bedchamber which became her prison. When I left her she said to me, 'You, a stranger, have given me my one comfort—those pictures. I thank you.'

'Pray to God, dear Lady Trenorth,' I said, as I pressed her hand at parting. 'He always hears. He never fails any one.'

She glanced quickly up at me.

'You believe that?' she asked.

'*I know it,*' I made answer.

'But I sold myself for money,' she said slowly. 'I placed myself on the wrong side, didn't I! God can't support the wrong side.'

I spoke stoutly. 'Dear Lady Trenorth, it is just those whom God opens His arms to,' I affirmed. 'Just try it!'

'I am glad you came,' she said, 'you have given me more than the pictures.'

Then I said, 'I have learnt much from poor folk, I have encountered in my wanderings.'

'Now perhaps you have learned something from the rich,' she said a little bitterly.

'I have learned that riches cannot buy happiness,' I replied, 'but nevertheless, Lady Trenorth, God can make you happy *in spite of riches.* Appeal to Him. *Trust Him.*'

'I will,' she answered.

She wrote me a letter before she died, which I shall always keep. It was a happy letter, in which she told me that I had eased her last days. To my astonishment she left me a legacy, by means of which I was able to help a hospital in dire need.

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

A Story of the N.C.H.O.

THE National Children's Home has been nobly served for many years by the Rev. Herbert J. Sugden, whose *Children on Wheels* (3*s.* 6*d.* net) is brim full of music and mirth. In 1909 he began his wanderings with the concert companies of boys and girls, and he has travelled far and wide on these errands of mercy. He has much to tell about the choirs and their entertainments, and it all sparkles. He lets us into the secret of his sermons, and gives a list of texts which have helped him to get 'to the heart of the matter—the children—within a few minutes of starting, and staying there till the end.' His own experiences as a guest in many different homes are amusing and delightful, and every page shows what hold the Home has on the heart of Methodism. The book will do much to increase the enthusiasm for the work. It overflows with humour and loving sympathy with the little folk in whose company Mr. Sugden has spent so many happy years. Such a story will be welcomed everywhere, and it deserves it.

Dr. Lofthouse on Christianity.

Christianity in Action (2*s.* 6*d.* net) is a striking title, and Professor Lofthouse makes us feel how mistaken is the notion that the Church has failed. He follows Christian men and women into those places with which some imagine that Christianity has little to do and proves that it really has everything to do with them. 'For if the disciples of Christ cannot be recognized when sitting at home round the fire, or doing the marketing and the house-work, or running a business, composing disputes, playing games, and making a living, they will, by most people, never be recognized at all.' We look at Christianity in the Home and in the School; in the Workshop and the Office; we see its bearing on Adolescence, on Friendship, and on Games. Four chapters make special appeal to Christian citizens. The days are gone when the Church could be regarded as little concerned with the government of the community. If the Church believes in the Kingdom of God, it must train and organize its adherents to leaven the life of the society that is to fulfil the mind of Christ. Racial problems are emerging in all parts of our wide-spread Empire, and on these Professor

Lofthouse's chapters are wise, and timely. He does not overlook the League of Nations, which is now a recognized institution in the life of Europe and the world. His closing chapter, 'New Heavens and a New Earth,' shows that 'the road from the actual to the ideal starts at our feet. It is the "new way" of the New Testament; and we cannot miss it, because it is marked by the prints of the feet that were pierced on the cross for our salvation.' The book is not only an impressive Apologia for the Church but a trumpet call to Christians, especially to young Christians, to do their share in leavening and transforming the world.

What Cliff College is.

The Story of Cliff (9*d.* net) is a little book that one can slip into a pocket, but Mr. Fiddian Moulton has made it really alive. Thomas Champness did not dream of such results from his brave venture at Rochdale. He and his wife had a superbly confident trust in Providence. 'So long as the Lord meant him to go on, the funds would be forthcoming; when they ceased it would be a sign that the Lord had other plans.' Thomas Cook saw 'A College of the Unprivileged,' transferred to Cliff in 1904, and every year it has gained strength and won increasing support from all friends of Evangelism. Mr. Moulton describes the daily life and training of the men. We follow them on trek, and see the attack which they made on such towns as Chesterfield, Leigh, Rotherham, and Gainsborough. We are introduced to tutors and helpers who have built up the success of the college, and seen eighty-three men enter the Home Ministry; 247 pass to American and Colonial Conferences; ninety-one become lay evangelists, and 379 fitted for more acceptable service as local preachers. Mr. Chadwick has made Cliff College more influential and successful than ever, and this little book will have many proud and thankful readers.

A Book of Adventures.

Do you want stories that carry you along with flashing eyes and compressed lips, that make the blood course more quickly in your veins? Then be sure to read *Thrilling Adventures in Many Lands* (3*s.* 6*d.* net). Here are hazards and perilous enterprises, told with zest and energy by those who have come in personal contact with the dangers which they relate. Men who think they have not long to live, find life in a way that never occurs to them until they have to choose between it and

death. So exciting are the experiences of the narrators that they compel our moods to obey their will, and once having started to read the ' Adventures ' we shall feel obliged to go on. All the contributors are thoroughly acquainted with the facts of which they write by personal trial, so that their accounts may be accepted as perfectly trustworthy.

Sir Alan Cobham describes in vivid language his historic 16,000-mile flight across two continents. It will be remembered that at the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi the intrepid airman had a startling experience, which might have ended in disaster. Life in dreary, bleak Labrador and Northern Newfoundland is depicted by Sir William T. Grenfell, C.M.G.; George Wharton James relates what he saw at the snake dance in the State of Arizona, a ceremony ' as thrilling as it is repulsive, fascinating as it is hideous, and attractive and exciting as it is alarming.' Mr. Charles W. Domville-Fife, late correspondent of *The Times* in South America, introduces the reader to the Amazon, that mighty river in the land of primeval forests, great waterways, and strange wild tribes. The other writers tell of hardships and hairbreadth escapes that would be difficult to beat.

Seeing Jesus as His Enemies Did.

It is a new idea to look at Jesus *Through the Eyes of His Enemies,* and the Rev. Ernest G. Loosley makes it an interpretation of our Lord which we could not afford to lose. The word ' enemies ' is used in a wide and general sense to include the religious leaders of the time, the critical fellow townsmen, the members of His family, and the representatives of Rome who were really neutrals, though they had a prominent part in the final scenes. The material for these studies is drawn from the Gospels and lighted up by a scholar's insight and knowledge. The Scribes said, ' He blasphemeth.' But Jesus ' came as the expression, the embodiment, the vehicle of God's pardoning love for us sinners.' The taunt that He was ' a gluttonous man and a winebibber ' is a vividly picturesque phrase, which helps us to see that Jesus ' eats and drinks with men, accepting their hospitality without a trace of social or religious or racial discrimination.' God is thus revealed as approachable, friendly, gracious like Jesus, and Holiness is no ' fugitive and cloistered virtue,' but is expressed in daily intercourse with man and deeds of love and service. An impressive chapter is based on ' The Testimony of Four Neutrals.' Pilate confessed ' I find no fault in this man.' His

wife has made up her mind that Jesus is a good man, innocent of the charges brought against Him. The penitent robber had moved in a very different sphere from the Roman Governor and his wife, but he saw that Jesus had done nothing amiss, whilst the Roman centurion ' bows his soul in reverence before one who impresses him with the character of divinity, more than any other has ever done.' The last pages deal with that testimony of the Pharisees: ' The world is gone after Him.' That was never truer than it is to-day. The ancient religions are ' giving way before the spread of Christ's teaching and influence. With nervous anxiety, men are trying to bolster up their tottering faiths, to reform and to revitalize their creeds and their rituals; but their very energy betrays a consciousness that they cannot in the end resist the onward march of Christ.' This is a book that will strengthen faith in all who read it. (3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

A Missionary Fellowship Manual.

Need the Kingdom Tarry? by Walter J. Noble, is a ' Fellowship of the Kingdom pamphlet (3*d.* net). It sets us face to face with ' a waiting world.' God seems to be more obviously entering into human life and history than ever before. The Church of Christ has a special responsibility to the new life of our day. Is it conveying to the world its Lord's life and power? The work at home and abroad cannot be separated or set in rivalry. ' The Church's way to health is the worship and service of a Lord who said that God loved the world, and who died and lives for a redemption no narrower than the whole expanse of human life in every land.' Mr. Noble closes on a hopeful note. If we will hear Christ's voice and follow where He leads, ' we can take control of the world, and remould it nearer to the Lord's desire.'

' The Redemption of Human Life.'

' The Expository Times ' in a notice of G. B. Robson's new book *The Redemption of Human Life* says ' it is powerful plea for the application of the spirit of Jesus to all the social relations and problems of human life. It is all the more effective because it is written with restraint and keeps in close touch with history and experience. The writer does not abandon himself to truculent and sweeping criticisms, nor does he offer hastily conceived panaceas, but he patiently unfolds the spirit and attitude of Jesus, and suggests ways in which it may be brought to bear on human relations so as to promote brotherhood among men. It is pre-eminently an interesting book.' (3*s.* 6*d.*)

A "BOREHAM" BOOK

Is Always a Good Gift.

Among genial fireside essayists Frank Boreham is unique, for he can moralise and even preach, without for a moment losing that graceful literary touch and that easy, intimate charm which beguile the most sermon-shy reader. Mr. Boreham discourses on everyday problems with a contagious Christian optimism, a freshness of view-point, and a penetration of insight which makes his work a genuine refreshment.

Each, price 5/- net. (Post 4d.)

1. **The Luggage of Life.**
2. **Mountains in the Mist.**
3. **The Golden Milestone.**
4. **Mushrooms on the Moor.**
5. **Faces in the Fire.**
6. **The Other Side of the Hill.**
7. **The Silver Shadow.**
8. **The Uttermost Star.**
9. **A Reel of Rainbow.**
10. **The Home of the Echoes.**
11. **Shadows on the Wall.**
12. **Rubble and Roseleaves.**
13. **Wisps of Wildfire.**
14. **The Crystal Pointers.**
15. **A Tuft of Comet's Hair.**
16. **The Nest of Spears.**

In his delightful books on great texts Mr. Boreham approaches great themes in a new and interesting way. These unique studies take well-known texts which have woven themselves into human lives and bring out with rare felicity the transformations wrought by them in character and in conduct.

Cloth, gilt, 6/- net each. (Post 4d.)

1. **A Bunch of Everlastings.**
2. **A Casket of Cameos.**
3. **A Handful of Stars.**
4. **A Faggot of Torches.**
5. **A Temple of Topaz.**

Dainty Booklets.

Fancy cover, 6d. net. Art boards, 1/- net. Lambskin, 2/6 net. (Post 1½d.)

THE SONG OF THE STARS.

The story of a historic Christmas Day. (Cover in colours).

THE GREEN CHAIR.

An essay of the vacant chair and the chair that was never occupied.

THE LITTLE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

A delightful essay on 'The Little Child that is to be,' 'The Little Child that was,' 'The Little Child that is,' 'The Little Child that never was.'

THE EPWORTH PRESS,

(J. Alfred Sharp),

25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

IN 1869 Dr. T. B. Stephenson picked up in the streets of London a few rough diamonds. For thirty years he worked to show the brightness and worth in the lives of neglected children.

SINCE then twenty thousand boys and girls have entered the Children's Home to be helped by its home life, and trained in its schools and workshops to be men and women of real value to the world.

THE help you send to the Diamond Jubilee Fund will bring radiance and lustre to the life of some little child. To polish one such diamond is reward enough for a lifetime.

DIAMOND JUBILEE FUND OF SIXTY THOUSAND GUINEAS

to commemorate Sixty Years of Child Saving by building new Houses, Hostels, and Hospitals for the Four Thousand Boys and Girls in the Thirty Branches of the

National Children's Home and Orphanage

(Founded by Dr. Stephenson)

Principal: Rev. W. HODSON SMITH.

Chief Offices—

HIGHBURY PARK, LONDON, N.5.

General Treasurers—

Sir CHARLES C. WAKEFIELD, Bart., C.B.E.
Sir THOMAS BARLOW, Bart., M.D., F.R.S.

A FINE NOVEL.

DAN OF THE RIDGE.

By DOROTHY M. LANGSFORD, Author of 'The Outlaw,' 'Sun Chased Shadows,' &c. Cloth, with jacket in colour. **5/-** net. (Post 5d.)

A fine healthy story of Australia, an ancestral English home, and a rascally cousin, all interwoven with a charming love interest.

THE EPWORTH PRESS,
J. ALFRED SHARP,
25-35 City Road, London, E.C.1.

AN ESSENTIAL REFERENCE BOOK.

THE MINISTERS' AND LAYMEN'S HANDBOOK for the Conduct of Business in Circuit Meetings.

Revised to the Conference of 1927 by JOHN ELSWORTH. Cloth. **2/6** net (Post 3d.)

THE EPWORTH PRESS,
(J. Alfred Sharp),
25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

THE HOME PROTECTION POLICY
OF
THE OCEAN
Accident & Guarantee Corporation Limited
36-44, MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2.

LIGHTENS THE BURDEN OF THE HOUSEHOLDER

INSURES THE CONTENTS AGAINST
LOSS OR DAMAGE BY
FIRE, BURGLARY, ACCIDENTS TO SERVANTS, RIOT, LIGHTNING, STORM, TEMPEST, FLOOD, BURST WATER PIPES.

(BUILDINGS CAN ALSO BE INSURED—TERMS ON APPLICATION.)

AN INCLUSIVE POLICY AT AN INCLUSIVE PREMIUM.

A Choice Booklet.

THE PRESENCE.

By ALBERT S. HULLAH, M.C. The author broadcast this Religious Talk from London on Feb. 5. So many requests have come for copies that we have printed it in choice form worthy of the subject matter. Gold wrapper, **6d.** net. Fancy boards **1s.** net. Limp leather, **2s. 6d.** net. (Post 1d.).

An Introduction to Religious Knowledge.

GATEWAYS TO LIVING TRUTHS.

A preliminary view of some doctrines of the Christian religion in the language of the New Testament. Paper cover, **6d.** net. Boards, **1s.** net (post 1d.)

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.
LONDON: THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. Alfred Sharp), 25-35 CITY ROAD, E.C.1.

PUBLISHED BY THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. ALFRED SHARP), 25-35, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.